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THE AUSTRALIAN
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



AGAINST THE CLOCK

By . . .
ROY YONGE

this metallic heart beating at him. Outlast you, outlast you, it said, outlast you. Stronger than you, stronger than you, stronger than you.

The idea seized on him until he thought of nothing else. He began to look at the watch with hatred as at a strong, arrogant rival. He thought that if he could smash the watch, then he could slide off to rest and warmth in peace.

He tried feebly to move his arm. The drum lurched even from the slight attempted movement and he clutched at it desperately.

It was then he discovered that he did not want to let go. He wanted to beat the watch.

And he thought he knew how he could do it. The watch needed movement to live. As long as he held to the drum, his arms were still. For a long time now they had been still. If he could hold on the watch had to run down eventually-beaten dead.

He would not think of the warm sea and the easy end it promises to his misery. He thought only of the watch. It was far more than a watch now.

Perhaps because he remembered that originally it had come from Germany. It was mixed up in his mind with the submarine, the torpedo, the men who had fired the torpedo in the night—the enemy. It was as if the watch clamped there immovable to him before his eyes were the final triumphant symbol of their vaunted strength and supremacy.

He held on. It might be he thought that I was slowing already, dying from the lack of motion. If he looked at its face or put his ear to its beating heart, he could tell. But he could not risk that effort now. Not yet. He must hold on longer. He had to be sure.

The sun had come out and cleared the sky of grey when the patrol aircraft found him. In a great surge of triumph he expended his last stored strength and looked at the watch and he saw that he had beaten it more truly than he had known.

He had survived; it had not. According to it the time of the radiant afternoon was exactly twenty minutes and ten seconds past eight o'clock.

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FRED HATCH knew the exact time that the torpedo struck, for at that moment he was looking at his watch. Twenty minutes and ten seconds past eight o'clock of a brilliant moonlit Caribbean night.

He was on deck aft, leaning against the rail. Ordinarily he would not have been on deck then: he would have been over in the petty officers' messroom watching the poker game that went on every evening for a couple of hours.

One of the regular players, the second assistant engineer, was a fellow who would do anything for a laugh, and Fred enjoyed listening to his wisecracks even more than he enjoyed watching the game.

But a few nights ago the second assistant had spotted Fred's new watch and asked him about it.

Fred displayed it with pride. Not

only was it shockproof and waterproof, he had explained, it wound itself just from the motion of your arm as you walked around and did your work.

When the second assistant engineer heard this he looked very impressed for a moment, and then he reached out solemnly for Fred's hand and shook it briskly so that his arm waved up and down.

Being that he was an engineer man, he explained to everyone, he figured it ought to be his particular duty to keep Fred wound up.

Fred could take a joke, but not every night the same one.

After that, whenever there was a lull in the game, the second assistant would say that maybe Fred's watch needed a little winding and would shake his hand, and other people took to doing it too, and it always got a laugh.

How long can I hold on? Fred asked himself, clinging to the drum.

If he had been older or something more on the ship than seamen's messboy, Fred could have passed it off and good-naturedly told them where to go; but he was eighteen and it got under his skin.

He had bought the watch from a fellow in Halifax for thirty dollars almost a month's pay. It was worth it.

This fellow had bought it in Bremen, in Germany, before the war, when he was a steward on a passenger liner. He had told Fred that you couldn't get a self-winding watch like that now for a hundred dollars, maybe two hundred. The thrill of it had gone a little sour, but Fred was still proud of it.

He wasn't going to put it away so he could hang around in the petty officers' mess without being teased. He gave up watching the poker game instead.

So he was on deck when the torpedo hit her, like a great fist underwater.

The tanker lurched back on her stern with a howl of smashed steel and escaping steam. Since she was bound for Galveston for oil she was in ballast, riding high. They said that sometimes it was worse for an empty tanker to be hit than a full one, because the gases that were accumulated in the tanks exploded and wiped the ship out to the last rivet.

Maybe that was just talk. Fred had never thought of it much. What good did it do you to worry?

He was flung off bodily into darkness and then he was struggling in the water and then holding on to something—something that seemed to slide away from him as he grappled with it. It cost him a supreme effort to hitch up on it part way.

Bruised, chilled, and shaking, he lay there desperately clutching to it.

An eternity later, in the morning light, he saw it was the drum of a life raft he had found, riven from the body of the raft by the explosion.

There was no sign of the ship or of other survivors. The sea was empty and flat, but little eddies of water slapped the drum idly back and forth. To Fred it was as if the earth itself moved, as if he had to keep the whole earth steady in his hands.

Each slight movement threatened to pitch him off unless he kept the force of his spread arms strained against it.

He was alone on the grey water.

SANTRY



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TIME TO GROW UP

By ANNE VERNON

YOU want too much," Della," Tom Morton said. "That's your trouble."

"I don't, Tom," she protested. "I'm not a gold-digger. Not really. Only it's more fun if you can get about a bit."

"Quite," Tom said grimly. "And the lads of your own age can't take you."

Tom was twenty-seven. Before the war he'd been in his father's printing business and doing quite nicely. Now he was a private with a private's pay and allowances, and an occasional present from home. Not enough to run round with a girl like Della.

"If only you hadn't got everything," he went on rather sadly. "Looks, and brains, and charm. Of course, you want the best there is going."

"I do," Della admitted. "I work as hard as anyone I know. And when my work's over I want some fun. You're only young once, Tom. These are my golden years."

"So you spend them with Bill Trevor?"

"Why not? There's nothing wrong in it," she said coolly. "He's never said a word to me that all my maiden aunts couldn't have heard."

Tom, awkward in his khaki uniform, nodded his dark head. He knew she was speaking the truth. There was nothing more than friendship between her and Bill—but it was a dangerous situation all the same.

"What's going to happen when his wife turns up?" he asked.

Della shrugged her shoulders.

"What should happen?" she said. "Nothing, of course. I'll go on seeing him. It won't make any difference. I know her sort. Domesticated and dull. Tied to her house and her children. She'll probably be quite grateful to me for taking Bill off her hands now and then."

"Will she?" Tom inquired sceptically.

"Why not? I'm not trying to break up her marriage. I only want to talk to Bill and dance with him occasionally. She's past all that."

"Oh, Della—"

"Don't, Tom," she interrupted. "We've been over all this so often, and it only makes us both miserable. I'm not going to marry you and live on a pound a week. It'd be misery."

"You could go on with your job," he said unhappily. "At any rate, for the time being."

"Thanks. But I want more out of marriage than that."

They stared at each other across the cafe table. For a moment they were enemies, quite incapable of understanding each other.

Then Della pushed back her chair and stood up. "I must fly," she said. "I'm late already."

"Late for Bill?"

"Yes."

She walked quickly out of the cafe, not waiting for him. She was angry, and there was no point in arguing any more. They'd argued so much lately. Better to hurry back to her digs and change, and relax in Bill's company.

He was taking her out to dinner, and after dinner they'd dance, or talk, and she'd forget her annoyance with Tom.

Her bed-sitting-room was warm and welcoming. Della liked her comforts and could afford to pay for them. She held an important job in an aircraft factory, and she knew her own worth. But she'd learned the trick of being able to leave work behind her when she came home at night.

A bath, a hurried pinning and unpinning of her golden hair, swift, practised cleansing of her face. I'm efficient, she thought, powdering her nose. That's one of the things Tom doesn't like. He wants me to be a bit more feminine and clinging. Well, I can't be.

She slipped a soft slim dress over

Margaret was thirty-four. A tall, dark woman with a lovely figure and few other claims to beauty. She wore a practical tweed travelling coat and she carried a disreputable basket packed with bottles of milk and sandwiches, and topped by a battered teddy bear which had clearly been loved almost to death.

The three children followed her along the platform, two boys and a girl, the eldest nine, the youngest four. They ran to Bill Trevor and clustered about him, shouting with joy while he collected the luggage.

Please turn to page 4



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1/1, 2/2 and 3/3

MARGARET stood and waited, and wondered just how awful this new house was going to be. She hadn't wanted to move again. She'd moved three times since war began. And often enough before that, following Bill. Always with a complication of babies and bundles. Still—it couldn't be helped. Bill would probably be here now for the duration. And where Bill was she must be too. They belonged together.

Bill had done his best in the house. There were fires lighted and beds made up, and tea laid ready. An old woman had agreed to "oblige" and was waiting for them.

"Clever Bill," Margaret said, taking the children's coats off.

"I ought to know how to do it by this time," he said.

"Groceries?" she queried.

"Your rations for this week are in the larder. Nothing much else. Except coal. I've seen to that."

"Good." They sat down to tea. It was late, and the children were tired and noisy. Above the cismor Bill said to his wife: "I'm deserting you this evening. I'm afraid."

"That's all right. You couldn't unpack for me, anyway." She spoke coolly, casually. But her eyes were weary.

"It's an arrangement I made ages ago," he explained. "Girl called Della and some friends of hers. This show at the theatre."

"I saw the bills," Margaret said. "It ought to be good with that cast."

"We're dining first. She's coming along here to collect me. I thought it would save time," Bill said.

Margaret nodded. Save time—or create a situation? Bill was like that. He'd never lost his capacity for mischief.

They had hardly finished tea by the time Della arrived. Bill ushered her into the dining-room, and left her with Margaret while he went to find cigarettes.

"How do you do?" Margaret said.

"How do you do?" Della replied politely, but her stare took in Margaret's tired face and the children's

untidy hair and the disordered tea-table on which milk had been spilled.

Della herself was looking radiant, and she knew it. Her shining hair was piled on top of her head. She wore a black coat with an impudent upstanding collar. Her make-up was slight but perfect.

"Do sit down," Margaret said, when Bill came back. "Would you like some tea? It's pretty strong by now, and we've spilled all the milk. Still—"

Three days later, to Tom Norton, Della described the scene.

"Too awful!" she said. "How Bill stands it—"

"They'd only just arrived after a long journey," Tom said. "Don't be cafty, darling."

"I didn't mean to be," Della said quickly. "Really I admire Mrs. Trevor very much. It's beyond me how she keeps going. I couldn't do what she does."

"You mean you won't even try," he interrupted.

They had been to a cinema together. Now they were eating a supper of fish and chips in the same dull little cafe where they seemed so frequently to gravitate. Della fidgeted with a bottle of vinegar and didn't look at Tom.

"This can't go on," he said suddenly. "I'm fed up, Della, are you going to marry me?"

"I'm very fond of you, Tom," she said slowly.

"That's no answer."

"I just can't tell you—yet."

"You've been saying that for nearly a year," he reminded her. "And it's not good enough. We aren't either of us children. You can't go on dodging responsibility forever."

"I take responsibility in my job."

"Then are you going to let it stop there? Have you decided to be an old maid?"

"Of course not," she said crossly. "don't be so silly. It's only that I'm not ready yet for all the other things. Children and a house."

Time To Grow Up

Continued from page 3

"Oh yes. She was Marda Rivers. Heard of her?"

"I saw her once. I wouldn't recognise her now," Della said brusquely.

"She's older now, of course. She made her success young. It was quite a success, too. But she'd had enough of glamor and the footlights by the time she married me. Perhaps that's why now, she's quite content when she has to stay at home and bath children."

But the woman who had been Marda Rivers wasn't bathing children at the moment. She'd made herself sandwiches and was eating them thoughtfully as she dressed. She stared at herself from time to time in the mirror. Once aloud she said: "At least nine years younger than I am. Still—"

She was ready to leave the house when the woman help arrived. She went the round of the children's rooms and saw that they were all asleep.

Then she ordered a taxi and set out.

She had been an actress and a good one. And she had never forgotten what she'd learned about timing. Or how to make an entrance.

The first three dances were over when she arrived.

Delia, Bill, and Tom were sitting at a table. Not talking much. For some reason they all seemed to be a little strained. Margaret saw them before they saw her.

Afterwards, trying to analyse it. Delia didn't know how it had been done. It wasn't what Margaret wore. A black dress, well-cut, unostentatious.

It was the sort of thing any woman might have worn, anywhere. And all she did, Delia remembered, was to walk the length of the room, sit down at a table, and murmur something to her husband.

But a little hush followed her. And when she stood up to dance with Bill, not only Delia but every soul in the room watched them, fascinated.

Never, on any stage, had Margaret given a better performance. Without words or gestures she made it evident that she was in command of the situation. She looked at Bill, and in that look was confidence born of the years they had shared together. It didn't matter that she was thirty-four and that those years had told on her. Nothing mattered but her calm assurance of herself—and of her husband.

They danced three dances together.

Then Margaret said, kindly, condescendingly: "It's your turn Delia."

But Delia had seen the writing on the wall. She saw herself, suddenly and humiliatingly, beside Margaret. A golden girl, selfish and unsure of herself. A girl who refused to grow up and face her responsibilities.

Her eyes met Margaret's inquiring ones.

"Thank you," she said, "but I'm dancing this with Tom."

She turned towards him and in her eyes Tom saw his answer.

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M.R.S.

WHEN KAREN MARSH, lonely and talented singer, marries BOB O'NEILL, joint owner of Onele Island, in the Hawaiian Islands, she plunged into a life of hectic quiet, led by LANE, Bob's handsome, dashing younger brother.

But she feels that she has an enemy in beautiful MARGOT McDONALD, who had hoped to marry Bob, while it fails to her lot to grant the tenancy of a vacant estate on the island over which jealousy is rampant. MRS. SONDERSGAARD and MRS. KINNEY, society leaders, each want the estate, the former for her son and the latter for GAIL and CALVIN EMERY, her daughter and son-in-law.

Then, to her consternation, Karen realises that she has fallen madly in love with Lane. Knowing that he has gone away suddenly with Margot in his plane, she takes her troubles to old JOHN O'NEILL, her ather-in-law.

Karen continues her narrative—

IFELT beaten and weakly indifferent. "I don't know what I'm going to do about it all, John," I said. "I'll carry on, and then—"

"Carry on!" he shouted. Words again. You gotta fight, Karen. Do you know where Margot and Lane are?"

No." Alice's Gamblin' establishment in Honolulu. There's a special gold chip at five thousand per. If Lane's anything like me he wouldn't dream of usin' the smaller chips. I played table-stakes with fifty thousand on the table or I wouldn't sit down. The banks once had three million in O'Neill paper, but I got it back."

He stared at the ceiling, dreaming of the past and what it had been and how it had gone, and I could almost see with him the great blaze he had cut through the Islands and the scars he had left behind.

He sighed and squeezed my hand, and said: "The material is here to make your life what you want it, Karen. But you'll have to fight for it. It's between you and Margot. I think she's started a campaign to break up the O'Neills, and there's only one way you can buck it."

"I'd like to know that way, John."

"Good. Then don't be silly and carry on. That's indecisive. Make up your mind. You want Bob or you want Lane. Find out which it is, put your bet on the nose, and don't play for anythin' less. I'm for you."

"And Margot?" I asked suspiciously.

He threw his head back and laughed. "I'm for her, too. I love the two of you. But I like to see a clean race, with no handicaps."

He clasped my hand, and I hurried out of the room thinking what a man! But all the same I was glad he was not younger.

Later I thought of all that John had told me, and realised that he was not really asking me to leave Bob, whom he undoubtedly loved as much as Lane. All he wanted was for me to put up a fight so that John O'Neill, as privileged spectator, would have the time of his life in his last days. The old rascal, I thought. But my spirits did rise.

However, there was no "making up my mind." I was in love with the wrong man and intended doing nothing about it. Bob was all that mattered, I could only wait, and—"Lord!" I thought. "I have to wait, and Margot knows it."

Bob went off into the hills the following morning and was gone for two days. Gail Emery telephoned from Honolulu just before he returned. She talked nonsense for a moment and then got around to the real purpose of her call. "By the way," she purred. "Calvin and I ran into Lane and Margot last night."

"How nice."

"Oh, it was. They were having such a wonderful time, gambling, drinking, dancing, throwing parties for everyone in sight, and even taking their own orchestra around with them. Everyone in Honolulu is saying it's just as if John O'Neill had suddenly returned. Lane broke the bank at Alice's—"

"Wasn't he lucky? Do you know if he was playing with gold chips?"

"Why, yes. I believe he was." She sensed a moment, then smoothly



SANTRY

Margot turned, whispering,
"Someone should stop it.
Lane'll kill himself."

WILD ISLAND

asked. "What is the occasion, Mrs. O'Neill? I couldn't figure it out."

I skipped that question and said, "Say hello to Calvin for me when he comes to—"

"Well! How did you know he—?"

"Simple. If he hadn't passed out you'd still be with Lane and not calling me."

I hung up, and felt like crying. When the O'Neills played, they meant it.

When Bob came in late that night I told him all about it. His hands dropped to his sides and all the life drained out of his eyes. "I've been afraid of this," he whispered, "for years. I love him, Karen. You understand? But there's too much of my father in him. He can toss away lives and fortunes without a moment's hesitation—"

He uneasily paced the floor of the study, saying over and over, "What could have started it?"

I wondered, too, and thought, with a shock, it could have been me. Lane was no fool. I vividly remembered the scene of the beach when he had helped me to my feet. He had suddenly been embarrassed and had even blushed. No words had been spoken, but none had been necessary. My emotions must have been written on my face.

Lane could be running from an issue that frightened him. He had seen that nakedness in my eyes and had interpreted it correctly. His brother's wife. That, I ruefully admitted, was enough to frighten any man.

I watched Bob pacing the floor, brooding with worry and anxiety, and a sudden resolution became firm in my mind. Never would I come between Bob and Lane. Somehow, some way, I would convince him that he had been mistaken there on the beach. Not entirely for Lane's benefit, or for mine. I was thinking of Bob.

But nothing could be done until Lane got back . . .

Lane and Margot returned the next day while I was high up the slopes of the volcano with Sam Hanau, the Hawaiian foreman, checking wild steers.

I looked down towards the cove, thousands of feet down, just as a trim white yacht came through the reef, crossed to the centre of the cove, and dropped anchor. Lane's

tiny, silver plane flashed in the sky a few minutes later and dropped to the surface of the cove.

Sam rode to my side and squinted down. "Thomas Woodrum," he informed me. "That is his boat. Big man in the Islands; owns pineapple and cane plantations."

"Young?"

"About thirty. Polo player and yachtsman. But he lives mostly in Hillsborough, near San Francisco. Good sport."

Tiny cockleshell dories swung away from the yacht to the wharf, but we were too far away to make out the people. There must have been quite a crowd, as the dories made a number of trips.

I said, "It looks like a party."

Sam's eyes lit up with pleasure. "Luau? Ah!"

We raced down the slopes of the mountain, with Sam waving his hat at the white-faced cattle scattering before us, and reached the ranch house about an hour after the guests had arrived. The party was already under way.

There were about thirty people who had come on the yacht, and all of them were young and seemingly unattached. They were a laughing crowd, full of high spirits and out for one thing only—a good time.

The young men were in either shorts or flannels, with gaily-colored Hawaiian shirts and many wreaths of leis. The girls (they were hardly

more than that) were "bright young things" wearing the scantiest apparel they could find: sandals and playsuits with very short skirts, usually of blocked linen.

Bob was near the doorway when I came in, talking above the blast of the phonograph to a tall young Nordic with laughing blue eyes, yellow hair burnt by the sun, and an amused, humorous mouth. Bob introduced him as Thomas Woodrum, and then the others came over and Woodrum made all the introductions, and one of the brighter young things asked me, "Weren't you Karen Marsh before your marriage?"

"Why, yes."

"Oh, Miss Marsh—Mrs. O'Neill, I mean—I used to just hang on to radio through every minute of your programme. You were terrific. And to think—"

The others shouted for a song. One of the men played the piano and struck the first chords from "Summertime." It was my favorite song.

I leaned against the wall and sang the sadly sweet refrain of "Summertime," and was just finishing when Margot came in and sat down. I glanced to the doorway, and there was Lane in a rumpled white dinner-jacket, tie askew, his dark cheeks flushed, and his sombre eyes steadily regarding me. I almost lost the last note of the song, but caught myself in time and finished in a very flattering burst of applause.

Some kind soul handed me a cocktail and I drank it down without pause. I needed that drink, for the sudden sight of Lane threatened to burst my emotional flood-gates.

"Love him?" I thought. "Oh, pity help me, yes, I do. Everything about him, his power, the tremendous depths of his vitality, his arrogance." Then I glanced over the rim of the glass into Margot's expressionless eyes. But there was a smile there. Of triumph, I wondered, or vindictive hate?

I hastily put the glass down and escaped to the kitchen to organise Saka and the houseboys. Calvin and Gail Emery were arguing in the pantry when I went through, and Gail's eyes were red again. Calvin did rather overdo his drinking.

Gail brightened at the sight of me and twinkled. "Isn't it thrilling, this party? It just seems to go on and on, with no end."

Calvin said, "Oh, shut up. That's yours of yours."

"Now, Cal," she giggled, "sometimes you get so funny—"

"Sure, I'm a very funny guy." He turned to me and said, "I wonder how long Lane can take it? It's been steady. No let-up. Ever since he hit Honolulu. If you want me to, I could get the gang down to our place."

That brought a smile, and I said, "Thanks, Cal, but it's all right. Maybe he'll wear himself out tonight."

I passed into the kitchen, talked with Saka, and checked our stock of liquor and food. A steer was already being barbecued over an open pit, and the panios were bringing in pheasants and other game.

I went outside for a moment, and

when I came in again Lane was talking with Saka and washing his hands at the sink. He pulled a towel from the rack and walked towards me. "I was just looking for you."

The simple act of speaking was not so simple, after all. But I did manage, "You were?"

"Yes. Sorry I brought a mob in on you like this. I didn't think you knew, until Bob said—"

"But this is your house, Lane. You're not putting me out. Really. I like your friends."

His face brightened and he said, "They're a polo bunch, mostly from Hillsborough. Tom's a four-goal man. We'll organise a couple of teams to-night and put on a game to-morrow that'll be a beauty."

"To-morrow?"

"Sure. That's why they came over." He chuckled and put a hand on my shoulder that felt like a hot branding-iron. "By the way, I cleaned out Alice's place and came close to breaking the bank at Mamma Hes's, even Margot won." A shadow crossed his eyes, he looked away and stammered. "We—ah—never mind. Let's go in the other room."

"You'd better change your clothes."

"Sure. Whatever you say."

We started through the pantry, now deserted, and I took a deep breath and said, "Lane, I want to apologise. The other day—when I got so hysterical—when those sharks were all round you in the water."

He stopped and looked into my eyes. "I've been wondering about that, Karen."

I moistened my drying lips and said, "You and Bob—you're so close—one is always associated in my mind with the other. Well, it was like seeing Bob in danger, and I just lost my head and went after him—I mean you. You see how—"

He stared into my eyes for a long moment, then smiled and said, "You know, Karen, I'm glad I didn't meet you the same time Bob did. I'd have to put up a fight."

He put his arm around my shoulders and we went down the hallway, and my heart was like lead. My explanation had not made a bit of sense to him.

He left for his own quarters to change and I went into the main room. Bob beckoned to me, and I crossed to join him and Margot. She warmly smiled at me and I sat down, but there was malice in the warmth of her smile, and I sensed something coming that would be unpleasant.

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CHILD OF THE TERROR

By HELEN FAWLEY

IT was a fine morning in September, 1940. Nothing distinguished it from hundreds of such mornings in the past. The sun streamed down upon the low hills, exactly as though the German sentry were not pacing up and down the road outside Saint-Maur.

The sentry was relieved at fixed hours but he was always the same soldier to the villagers. Always a youth in grey-green, but impervious to reason. He would not allow loads of fodder to pass him en route to Bayonne; nor pairs of long-horned oxen which should have finished as roast beef in Biarritz.

No peasant in Saint-Maur could understand why this had to be; so the sentry represented everything in the world that was shameful, unjust, inconvenient. He meant even more, too. No letters, salt, matches, buttons, thread, coal or petrol.

The leading people in the village regarded that sentry in much the same light as the rustics, although their opinions were colored by more complex thoughts.

The mayor, as representative of law and order, was inclined to placate all authorities.

The doctor, although foreign to the village, was a most zealous patriot and much liked; he mostly treated the sentry with distant courtesy.

The schoolmaster was a free-thinker and a firebrand, and he talked hotly on every possible occasion.

Monsieur Delmas, the lord of the village, who lived in the big stone house near Puyoo's cottage, said nothing at all, for his only son had been killed during the campaign of France.

However, one and all resented the German sentry furiously. And the German sentry knew it.

Madame Puyoo, the carpenter's wife, lived in a bright pink cottage at the end of Saint-Maur. She was a sweet old soul, generally considered a bit simple-minded.

On this fine September morning the old lady walked down the road as briskly as two heavy baskets would allow.

Then she stared at the road, for advancing down it, and past the sentry, was an extraordinary child. He was a lad of twelve or so, dressed in rags and new yellow shoes. His rough hair stood on end, his face was dusty and tear-stained; great furrows of dirt ran down to his chin.

In one hand he carried a cardboard suitcase; from the other dangled a cage containing a blackbird.

On and on he came, until within three paces of Madame Puyoo, he bowed profoundly. "I want to speak to Monsieur Puyoo. I am sent by Cousin Victorin of Mont-de-Marsan."

"Cousin Victorin?" Madame Puyoo was astonished. "Are you sure that you came from Cousin Victorin?"

"Yes, I have a message from him. My name is Ernest Weiss." Madame Puyoo bent closer to listen, for the boy's French was guttural and difficult to understand. As she came nearer, Ernest winked solemnly.

She opened the gate and led him down the short path to her cottage. Inside the house were two rooms, one a kitchen in which they stood until Madame Puyoo drew a chair to the round table. "Rest; my husband will be home soon; it is eleven o'clock."

Then she went to the stove, threw in a handful of wood shavings, lifted a sauceman lid and stirred the soup. She added an extra plate, a glass and spoon for the guest, while he freed the blackbird.

Meanwhile Madame Puyoo took stock of Ernest. She did not know what to think of him. His face was filthy, his hands clean; his features handsome and resolute, his eyes too shrewd. He did not look unhappy.

as most travellers do nowadays, and his expression was not that of most boys.

Puyoo was heard outside choosing a shady spot for his bicycle. He came in, but did not notice the stranger until his wife said, "Puyoo, the boy has a message."

Ernest jumped up. "I am Ernest Weiss. I am sent by your Cousin Victorin, of Mont-de-Marsan," he recited.

Puyoo's intelligent black eyes scrutinised the inquisitive face. "And how did you get through the line? They are very strict at Mont-de-Marsan."

"It was not easy. I tried lower down the line at Madame—through her garden. You know who I mean?"

"No," replied Puyoo. "I do not unless you mean a German lady at Tremont. She sometimes closes her eyes to certain things, they say."

The child pondered, then finally: "I am not sure. Tell me the names of other places near here. That would guide my memory."

"I don't know of any," said Puyoo slowly. "Besides, it would no longer be useful to you, now you are on this side. Your name is not of these parts and your accent is foreign. Who are you child?"

"I am an Alsatian. They were terrible to us and forced us off our farm. You have heard of their cruelty?"

"Yes," Puyoo yawned. "Let us eat; I am hungry."

There was plenty of potato, tomato and egg-plant soup, then some grapes and apples. Madame Puyoo placed a honeycomb on the table. Puyoo pushed it away. "This is not Sunday."

"But Puyoo, we have a guest."

"A guest—" Puyoo decided to change the end of his sentence. "Some nuts will do as well."

He drank a glass of wine, rolled a cigarette in silence. His wife wondered if she had done right in admitting Ernest. Puyoo was usually the most hospitable and cheerful of men. He did not seem to like this child.

ERNEST felt, too, that something was wrong, for he presently said: "Monsieur, look what I have brought." He picked up the bird-cage, pulled out a secret drawer under the tin flooring. It was full of letters. "See, there are some for everyone in Saint-Maur. I waited at Mont-de-Marsan until I collected them all. They shoot people for carrying letters, but I wished to be agreeable."

Sure enough, there must have been fifty envelopes. The Puyos had two letters. One very vague one was from Victorin, the other from a nephew believed to be in Morocco—but it seemed that he was working in Bayonne as a waiter. He said terrible things about the Germans.

The Puyos felt sick and excited, as always, when they heard from the other side, but said nothing. Presently Puyoo put on his beret. "Where are you bound?" he asked Ernest.

"I have some friends at Toulouse. Very well, you shall stay with us until we can help you to get there." Puyoo tucked the letters into his belt.

His wife followed him out. "Jules," she whispered, "you are ungracious. The child does not eat too much and he is very thin."

"Thin!" Puyoo's voice rang through the garden. "I don't care if he is. I'm sick of refugees. Why did they run away from the Germans anyway? They aren't nearly so bad as people say." He pinched his wife's arm and added gently, "Keep him with you until I can distribute the letters. Then I go to work for Monsieur Delmas."

He bent to kiss her lined brow. "When did Victorin die, Adele?" "We buried him early in June." The old couple exchanged a curious glance and that was all.



The strange little boy advanced past the sentry, on and on down the road.

Ernest had been inspecting the bedroom. He ran back to his seat as Madame Puyoo entered the house.

The old lady busied about, made up the fire, flung some potatoes into the hospitable kettle and said that Ernest must wash. She stood a pail of hot water in a corner, and while the boy scrubbed his knees she mended the torn sweater, sewed cherished buttons on his trousers, cut down Puyoo's old braces to a reasonable size and washed his shirt!

The boy seemed embarrassed, blushed, struggled successfully with an impulse of gratitude and asked leave to take a walk. He liked talking to people. Could he talk to people here? Well, yes—in reason, said Madame Puyoo.

So Ernest met the postman and talked to the mayor as he ploughed a cornfield. He waylaid a dozen Saint-Mauriens. He was innocent, forlorn, brightly courageous, despondent. He ran through all the moods expected of a refugee child.

The peasants were frank with him. Yes, they had heard of passages across the German lines, but had never been lucky enough to discover them. Closed caravans of treasure? Yes, a convoy of shrouded lorries had driven through the village just before the armistice in the

direction of Tarbes. Yes, the lorries were still at Tarbes in a big garage; that, they could swear to. But they were principally interested in Cousin Victorin's health.

Ernest always took his leave when they began talking about Victorin, because that gentleman was a feeble if important prop to his story, supplied at the last moment by an obliging gossip. However, the boy had not counted on Victorin's large relationships.

He returned to the cottage well after sunset, exhausted and almost convinced of the village's imbecility. Puyoo came in soon after, a burly man behind him.

"Sonny," said Puyoo. "I have brought the doctor to make friends with you. He is an Alsatian, like yourself."

Sonny looked anything but pleased. However, he jumped up and stood at attention while the doctor engaged Madame Puyoo in a conversation about her migraines, then discoursed for some time with Puyoo about Monsieur Delmas. What a strange time that gentleman had chosen to make alterations to his house! Why on earth, when wood was so precious, did he use so much? And all those bricks? Did he have anything to conceal?

Puyoo scratched his head and answered sheepishly that he knew nothing except that Monsieur Delmas paid him very well. He was building large cupboards and walling up something in a room, the one looking out on the woods. After all, why not? Everyone was free here; that was, free so far.

Ernest listened so eagerly that the doctor had to address him twice in Alsatian dialect before he realised that he was being spoken to. Then he replied shyly in monosyllables.

"Tui-tut, you don't come from my part of Alsace." This time the doctor spoke German. "But the patois differs so much from village to village, I, for instance, was born near Strasbourg; and you—let me see"—he pretended to think—"you must be from the neighborhood of Thann or Altkirch. They speak good German there, don't they now?"

"Ja," answered Ernest confidently. "Ich komme aus Thann."

"So," said the doctor, "so, a pretty part of the province. So happy to be German once more eh."

"Ja," replied Ernest. Then, suddenly blushing: "Of course not. Herr Doktor, or I wouldn't be here."

"Well, well, time will show. Rest here for a little while, Ernest. You must not strain your heart by walking too far, now that France needs every growing boy to be fine and strong. Good night all."

In France, peasants say little during meals because eating is a sacred rite, but to-night Puyoo seemed stirred, excited, unable to keep from talking to his wife about Monsieur Delmas, who suffered from insomnia and walked about the village all night. Perhaps he had something on his conscience after all.

He pressed Ernest to have some more soup, as it made little boys grow, added a bit of bacon to the child's mound of potatoes. At the

A blackbird in a cage was his only ally for the dangerous work that he hoped to do.

end of the meal, he rose and announced: "Wife, I am going to Etchegoya's for a game of cards. I won't be in for some time."

It was but a few steps to Etchegoya's cafe, an unpretentious house with a dance hall at the back of it.

Puyoo found his way to the hall which contained most of Saint-Maur. A tall white-haired man sat alone at a small table facing rows of benches on which huddled the villagers. Dislike of Ernest cemented a momentary unity. Rivalries and feuds were forgotten in a common cause—getting rid of Ernest.

The tall man, who was Monsieur Delmas, cleared his throat when all were seated and addressed his listeners patiently:

"The child who has come among us is a spy, sent by the Germans. He masquerades as an Alsatian from Thann, the Frenchest town in all that part of the province, whereas the doctor says that the child does not understand any dialect, and speaks Bavarian German."

"Another proof, if we needed any, of his origin is that he pretends to be sent by Puyoo's cousin Victorin. Victorin died in June. And the letters he brought must have been stolen from undelivered mail in a post office, posted before communications were severed between the two zones of France."

"Now what do the Germans want? What information? In moments of affliction we of Saint-Maur always unite."

The audience nodded as one man. Now what is there for the Germans to find out? I will answer for you all, one by one."

He did, and his words set forth trick after trick whereby these seemingly docile Frenchmen were constantly helping their countrymen to slip out of the Germans' hands and away to safety.

"Now there is a spy among us," he concluded. "Child as he is, he may discover these things. So what are we to do?"

The priest rose, and said with quiet confidence, "The remedy is quite simple. Providence sent Ernest to try us, but Providence will also remove him before mischief is done. We have only to ask. And ask, you shall, every man and woman of you, now."

Saint-Maur, with all its faults, was as pious as any other southern hamlet. Its inhabitants fell to their knees and prayed that Ernest should be removed.

With closed eyes, the priest blessed the bowed forms. Then he coughed. "And now, mes enfants, we have only to wait confidently for Divine Providence to take the course which it deems best in sending that undesirable boy away. Amen."

And this is what happened when Puyoo left Ernest and his wife together. The old woman took her knitting from her apron pocket. The blackbird ate crumbs on the red-tiled floor and ruffling his feathers, went to bed under the sewing-machine. Ernest wanted to sleep, so then and there, to bury head in arms and—

"Madame Puyoo!" he called just

as he yielded to drowsiness. "Madame Puyoo, what are you saying?"

"Just my prayers, lad. If I wait until bedtime I may forget them."

That is an undisciplined idea," said Ernest. "Things should be done at regular hours. Thus all is accomplished perfectly without haste."

"That I have often heard said," agreed Madame Puyoo, "but you are wiser than I. Everybody in Saint-Maur is wiser. It is well known that I am not intelligent."

Ernest felt flattered by her humility. "You should try to be sensible and not waste your time. Thus you would attend better to your work."

Madame Puyoo thought for a minute and was inspired to say, "But praying is not exactly a waste of time, Ernest. Do you know what happened here many years ago? Bernadette Soubirous, a little girl who said her prayers very often, had an adventure. She was herding a flock of sheep with her brother when a beautiful young lady appeared to her. To her alone, for the boy did not see the lady."

Ernest, in spite of himself, was struck by the excitement, the fire, conveyed by the old woman's simple words. He tried not to listen, or only just enough to keep awake.

The lady was dressed magnificently—not at all like the peasants in this poor country. She wore light shining robes, with a cape over her head, a blue sash about her waist. I am sure that flowers sprang up round her and the grass was not crushed by her lovely bare feet. She smiled at Bernadette and talked with her, and the place near where they met is now a pilgrimage called Lourdes."

Ernest met Madame Puyoo's timid smile with scorn: "Oh, the girl lied, and on her lies repose superstition, a weakness which must be stamped out. No sensible person would believe such a thing."

Madame Puyoo's face turned red. "I may be stupid, but I know that Bernadette did not lie. I forbid you to say so."

It was useless to argue with a bigoted old woman, so Ernest graciously gave in: "Well, perhaps Bernadette imagined that she saw something; perhaps her stomach was empty and she was lightheaded. Now, Madame Puyoo, tell me something about Monsieur Delmas. I am not curious but I want to know about him. He sounds very nice."

Madame Puyoo was easily mollified. "Why, we have talked much about him already. He lives in the chateau beyond the little avenue of oaks. His gate is a hundred yards from here. His house looks fine by moonlight. You shall go there tomorrow with me. To-night the place is quite deserted, for the servants have gone to a reunion at Etchegoya's and monsieur walks at night. Now, shall we go to bed?"

"I have a new mattress for you, filled with hay. I will shake it down in a corner by the stove. There . . . Now will you promise

The Australian Women's Weekly

to put out the light soon? It is so expensive."

"Yes, Madame Puyoo." Ernest would have promised anything. He glued his ear to the bedroom door until he heard the old lady's regular breathing rise to an occasional grip, but he bravely managed to whisper, "Madame Puyoo said that you lived near here."

"Yes." The lady had a pretty, sad voice. "Of course. Madame Puyoo knows me well."

Ernest's accents, even to his own ears, sounded rough and discordant. "Instead of Lourdes?"

"I used to go there."

"And what are you doing here?" "I might ask the same of you, if I did not guess the reason of your visit, Ernest. You have come to spy upon the Delmas family."

The lady was not angry, she merely stated a fact, and as she did so, Ernest's terror grew.

"I will tell you what you wish to know. I am putting away a soldier's clothes. He was Jean Delmas, killed this May. The Austrians buried him in a garden. They sent back his belongings and a letter. That will not be forgotten in Heaven."

To the boy's surprise and relief, the front door opened easily. He stopped on the threshold to reconnoitre; a faint murmur of voices reached him in the still, cool darkness. He was in a long hall. There was a staircase at the left and opposite it a succession of big empty rooms.

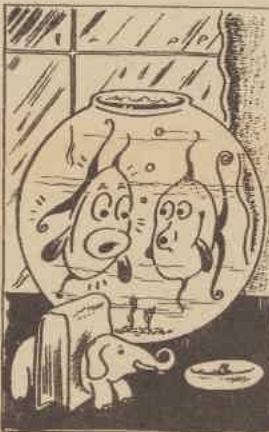
He stood undecided, but he must go up. He must be brave. It was unworthy to shrink from duty.

He quickly removed his shoes, which he carried, and bounded up the steps two at a time. He went to the top story and methodically explored the rooms.

Madame Puyoo had spoken the truth; the servants were out. He saw nothing more suspicious than iron bedsteads, clothing thrown about as though hurriedly discarded. The keel-shaped attic slept, full of dusty lumber discarded by many generations.

He tiptoed down one flight. On the landing all the doors were open save one. Four rooms to explore, nothing of interest.

Animal Antics



"I always get rheumatism when it rains."

Remained the closed door. A feminine voice sounded clearly now, though it was low and gentle; there was a glow under the narrow white panel. Fear, the unreasoning fear of a closed room, took hold of Ernest.

He turned the knob slowly and peered in. There must have been a single lamp behind the door, for the light was uncertain. The place was in great disorder. A couple of military cases lay open, their contents strewn everywhere—books on the narrow bed, an ordnance revolver on the mantelpiece, top boots by the hearth, a leather belt and a raincoat hanging over a chair, some maps. In the middle of the floor a pile of tricks, a trough full of plaster, a square box of tools.

A casement was boarded up at the far end of the room. On either side of it were two rough cupboards, unfinished, though some clothes were still hung on a rod in one of them.

"Why, this is Ernest."

The boy jumped, his heart beating so loudly that he scarcely heard his own little squeak of terror as a shadowy, majestic figure glided from behind the open door. Ernest saw with horror that she wore a light shining dress, a little cape over her head. He glanced down at her feet. They were bare in white sandals. The blue belt? Did she wear a blue wash? If she did not there would be some hope.

But he could not be sure, for a number of brownish shirts were gathered in her arms as she advanced to meet him.

Panic caught Ernest in its icy

grip, but he bravely managed to whisper, "Madame Puyoo said that you lived near here."

"Yes." The lady had a pretty, sad voice. "Of course. Madame Puyoo knows me well."

As he reached the last tree, a number of persons passed him. They were talking together about a certain lean pig that was to be sacrificed early owing to the meat shortage, but Ernest only heard the last words of the conversation from Puyoo:

"Well, he'll always be that Cochon of an Ernest to me. We can fatten him up for a few days before slitting his throat. True, he's a little young, but from the looks of him he won't improve with age. And no one will miss him." He gave a loud laugh and lumbered on.

Ernest's pent-up emotions, so manfully kept under control, were released. Catching hold of the tree trunk he slid slowly to the ground and fainted.

For a short time the moon shone upon the alert little face. Then the boy sat up and mechanically put on his shoes. He rose and walked wearily, defiantly past the empty fields and lifeless houses, away from Saint-Maur, towards a region made civilised by his own people. As he neared the sentry, the last vestiges of fear melted. He ran for the few yards that separated him from the line.

"Kurt!" he called.

The sentry halted. "And what about curfew regulations, my son?"

"Let me by," pleaded Ernest. "I passed you this morning. You know me. Oh, Kurt, that village—there is nothing there but a doctor who speaks good German, an apparition and many fools."

"Fools!" The sentry laughed contemptuously. "That is what I say, only no one believes me."

"And they eat people," asserted Ernest. "They eat the young when they have been fattened."

"That," said the sentry thoughtfully, "I would not have believed. But it is an important fact. You must report it to-morrow."

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HE HAD FOUR SISTERS

Teaching charm to a pretty girl was the self-imposed task of the junior grade lieutenant.



"H-how did you do it?" the supply officer asked, gazing from the fallen Commander to Trevor.

THE supply officer was tired. With an aggrieved face, he sat at his desk and surveyed the girl in front of him.

"You might at least knock, Mary," he said, "before popping in like that."

"Really, Father," said the very pretty girl, "you talk as if I'd never heard you swear before."

"I was not swearing," Commander Thurston said. "I was merely thinking aloud, and I don't wish to have my thoughts interrupted without knocking. Also, if you have discovered any more things wrong with the purchasing department, I don't want to hear them. For your first day's work you have exhausted your quota of helpful suggestions."

Commander Thurston was an old-fashioned man who believed woman's place was in the home. So it would be his fate, he bitterly reflected, to have a daughter who had graduated from college brilliantly, taken the civil service examinations, and qualified for a job in the purchasing department of the same East Coast naval air station to which her father had been assigned, announcing that her salary was to buy her a Ph.D.

Now, separated from the supply department by only a non-sacred door, Mary was in a position where she could pry into her father's business.

"Who is this Lieutenant Trevor you were 'thinking about'?" she was asking now. "He must be something to get you into a state where you are practically disowning your own daughter when all she is doing is trying to help win the war. He must be—"

"The first way you can help win the war," her father shouted, "is not to mention Lieutenant Trevor to me! The second way is to go out that door and not come back the rest of the morning!"

His inter-office phone buzzed. He barked into it. "Commander Corliss? All right, I'll see him!"

Mary uttered a squeak. Her hands went to her hair. She flew out of the door that led to the various supply branches as Lieutenant Commander Corliss came in by the one she would normally have taken.

But Commander Thurston was in no mood to perceive any connecting nuances between his daughter's abrupt exit and the appearance of the handsome skipper of Squadron 65. The lieutenant-commander's lips were pouting and his attractive brow was overcast.

"The trouble with this war," he announced, "is that we can't fight it without reserve officers."

Commander Thurston winced, glancing down at a wireless message that topped a pile of memos on his desk. "Corliss," he said, "I should think re-

think re-

"She is still odd," her father said. "She wants to work. She has this new job with the purchasing department, Lieutenant Trevor. Mary is just the thing to break you in."

"Now, Mary," her father said, "the way you looked six years ago nobody would have thought you'd turn out as well as you have. It was in Coronado, Corliss, remember now? That spindly-shanked little girl of mine who followed you around like a dog?"

Mary grew crimson but tossed her head. "As a child," she said, "I had odd tastes."

"She is still odd," her father said.

"She wants to work. She has this new job with the purchasing department, Lieutenant Trevor. Mary is just the thing to break you in."

"Lieutenant Trevor," Mary said.

"He's the one you were thinking about after you got that radio message from our main northern base, isn't he? The one who mis-marked some cases of radio equipment sent up there for transhipment to Advance Base so they missed the transhipment and are still sitting in the main northern warehouse?"

"You see? She knows everything," her father told Corliss.

He pushed them out and closed the door firmly. Lieutenant Trevor, U.S.N.R., appearing a few minutes later, was surprised to find the outer office occupied by Corliss and a beautiful girl who were too absorbed to notice the arrival of a small redhead Junior Grade. She

served officers was one thing you could not blame on the supply department. If you don't mind—"

"That materiel idiot," Corliss particularised, "asking me what do I want rubber boats and No. 2 birdshot? tall that alcohol?" for As if I didn't have enough to do getting twelve planes ready to take off for North Atlantic patrol tonight without stopping to explain things to a fool reserve! Listen, Trevor! I told him—"

"Wait a minute, Corliss," Commander Thurston said with a slight shiver. "Are you talking about Lieutenant Trevor, our officer of materiel?"

"I told you," Corliss cried. "And I told him. Listen, Trevor! I told him, 'if you don't know alcohol is to keep bombsights from rusting and rubber boats to save us afloat, we hope, if our plane crashes and No. 2 birdshot for shooting down parachute troops—'"

Commander Thurston held on to his head. "Corliss," he implored, "you didn't say No. 2 birdshot for troops, did you? I mean, I hear the duckhunting is very good off Newfoundland. But for the kind of hunting you are going to do, double-nought buckshot would be more—"

"That's just what that idiot Trevor said!" Corliss cried. "He wouldn't requisition it without your okay! Well, Commander Thurston, I expect you to know better than to okay it. But I don't expect a reserve like Trevor to know better. That's what I mind!"

"Corliss," Commander Thurston said, "I am very busy this morning, and you say you are, too. I have signed your other requisitions, and now you know I will not sign the birdshot even at the risk of agreeing with Lieutenant Trevor. If there is anything else—"

SUDDENLY the outer door popped open again. With grim inspiration Commander Thurston concluded: "If there is anything else, Mary will take care of you."

Corliss alertly surveyed the girl in the doorway whose hair and face, although he did not know it, had just been done over for his benefit. "Obviously," she said, frostiness not quite masking her disappointment, "he doesn't remember me."

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was shuffling papers on her desk in a patent attempt to seem busy and bored while Corliss regarded her with a teasing grin.

"Well, Mary," he was saying, "I'm sorry I have to go off to-night. I certainly would have liked to take you out and talk over those times you used to follow me around like a dog."

"I don't go out evenings," she said haughtily. "Especially with fliers who are all such simple, extrovertive types. No, I have to spend all my spare time on research for my Ph.D."

"A girl who looks like you doesn't need any Ph.D.," Corliss said. "She needs a lot of other things, which it grieves me to see you have not had. When I come back I will attend to that."

Trevor coughed. Corliss turned, his face growing red.

"Oh," he said. "Trevor, I didn't know you were there."

"I was waiting for a place to interrupt, sir," Trevor said. "Do you want me to sign that stub now?"

Still scarlet, Corliss gave it to him. Trevor noticed but forebore to comment that the birdshot requisition had been omitted. He signed it and Corliss took back the stub.

"Well, good-bye, Mary," he said. "It was nice seeing you after all these years. It will give me something to think about when I am flying over Iceland. Especially as I'll probably be there for the duration."

He did the masculine equivalent of a fumble out. Mary put her fair head down on the desk and began to cry.

"Dear me," Lieutenant Trevor said. "This is too bad, isn't it? Especially when you know it's your own fault."

"When I was a little girl he never knew I was alive," she sobbed. "All these years I've been planning how different things would be when I met him again. And then they were just the same."

"I wouldn't say the same," Trevor said. "He knew you were alive all right."

"On, do you really think so?" For a moment she lifted her head. Then she lowered it. "Northern patrol" she wept. "For the duration."

"They'll be back in a few weeks," Lieutenant Trevor said. "Corliss is sort of a dramatic fellow, you know. You hurt him. He wanted to hurt you."

This time her head stayed up. "Well, that's possible," she decided. "If not plausible, I can use it as a crutch—until I'm strong enough to do without it."

Her brow puckered for a moment in an obvious grapple with new ideas. Lieutenant Trevor took a long breath, as if preparing for a plunge.

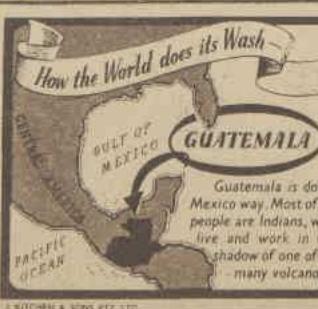
"I have four sisters," he said. "each one of whom has done extremely well in life because I have advised her. If you will permit me to advise you the same way—I am sure you can get Corliss when he comes back."

She regarded him uncertainly. "It seems like a pretty big favor to take from somebody I hardly know. Of course, I did hear Corliss call you Trevor. But I never would have recognised you from father's description."

"Your father?" he faltered. "Described me?"

"My father's Commander Thurston. I mean, from what he said I thought you must be pretty dumb," she helpfully elucidated. "He's pretty sure at you right now about this radio equipment you sent to our northern base."

His dejection as she explained made her forget her own for a moment. She wiped her eyes. "You



1. Nature has laid on hot and cold water which comes in handy on wash-day! Women boil their clothes in a volcanic spring, then rinse in a fresh cold stream nearby.

2. A colourful sight is the array of richly-dyed shawls and embroidered blouses spread out to dry, with often ancient village gods in the background.



4. No doubt those people would think of Persil as a kind of magic. And so it is! Its oxygen-charged suds get whites snowy, colours brilliant — with no hard rubbing at all.



ENEMY is listening

*He wants
to talk
KEEP
QUIET*



mustn't let it get you down, she counselled him. "It's probably a mistake anybody could make."

"The point is," Trevor said musingly, "I made it. Perhaps you can see how you will be doing me a favor if you let me advise you on how to get Corliss. It would help me at this time to do at least one thing I know I'm good at. Then I might try others."

"Well, I can see how that's sound psychology," she admitted. "To combat a sense of failure in one direction by building up your ego in another. But—"

"Men," Trevor said, "are not interested in psychology. Nor in having you interrupt a conversation we have begun by explaining to them what they mean either. When mentioned the other things I'm good at, you should have asked me what they were, only less crudely. What did I do before I came in the navy, and what sort of thing do you think I'd be better fitted for?"

"Let's say I've asked you," she said weakly. "I'll practise listening while you answer."

Trevor grinned. "In the first place, he began in a voice that obviously presaged fifth and sixth places to come. "I was always a rascals, but one who had to earn his own living which I did selling marine and yacht insurance. In the second place I have devoted ears to radio research, and if they had ever consulted me here as to my opinion I would have told them frankly I should be communications officer. And—"

Against her glazing look he halted and grinned again. "If you think that's long-winded you should hear Corliss on some of his flying adventures."

"It is just," she said faintly, "that I don't know anything about radio."

"You can do a little research this afternoon," he told her. "Enough to be able to listen and ask intelligent questions to-night when we go dancing."

"To-night!" she cried. "Dancing! With you!"

"Dancing," he said firmly, "is one of those other things I'm really good at. I danced with all my four sisters until they were good, too, which they were not, to begin with, being like you—the intellectual type." He smiled. "I'll call for you round seven. You can tell your mother that by then I shall have bought of some way to correct my error about that radio equipment!"

But the subject of that radio equipment, along with her radio re-

search, was not brought up again until half-way through that evening after she and Trevor had finished a leisurely meal at the Tulips Inn punctuated by increasingly successful dancing.

"You have learned more quickly than any of my sisters," Trevor told her. "Shall we have a last one?"

"Last?" she repeated with disappointment as transparent as a child's. "It's early yet. Do we have to go?"

"I meant to tell you when I came to get you to-night," Trevor said. "But seeing you in party clothes for the first time put it out of my mind. I have permission from the C.O. to fly north with the squadron to-night so I may personally rectify my error on the terrain of its present occupancy."

"The C.O. was very nice. When I assured him I wouldn't lose much time because I could return on the mail plane the day after to-morrow he even urged me not to hurry back."

"Do you actually believe the captain is being 'nice' to you to let you fly a couple of thousand miles in order to re-direct a few packing cases?" she demanded. "I hate to think of you up there! You'll be a lamb among wolves!"

He laughed. "You talk as if the captain had visited this on me as a penance. It was

my own idea. I shall have the valuable experience of flying in one of our big bombers, and if we get into fog and use instruments I am hoping to observe and even perhaps help. Instruments are my specialty."

They were silent as they danced and silent as they came outside to where Trevor's car was parked. Trevor spoke only after they had been driving for some distance.

"I am hoping you will come down to the hangar with me to see me off. It would be a good thing for that magnificent self-assurance of Corliss you mentioned this morning for him to see you acting reasonably devoted to me."

"What?" she said in a small voice, "is 'reasonably devoted'?"

"Well," Trevor said, "he ought to see you give me a casual good-bye."

"I was afraid of that!" she cried. "If you think I want Corliss to think I'm the kind of girl who goes around kissing people—"

"At present," Trevor said, "Corliss thinks of you as the kind of girl who has never kissed anybody, which is worse. Apart from the fact that the experience will be broadening for you, it's almost a convention for a girl to kiss a man good-bye in wartime when he's off to a battle zone."

"A battle zone," she said. "Of course, that's what it is now. Oh, Trevor, I hate to think of you flying all that fog! I hope at least you'll be with Corliss. I'll feel you're safer. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have Corliss fly you?"

"I can think of more wonderful things," Trevor said. "Let us plan our casual kiss."

It was a calm, fair night with a full moon behind mackerel clouds. Squadron 65's hangar was a vast silver whale fretted with black velvet streaks.

The car slid into the parking space alongside. Trevor shut off the engine.

"As I was saying," he said, "unless we practise the casualness of it—I am afraid it won't seem casual."

"You didn't say 'practise' the first time," she said, her voice squeaking from nervousness. "You said 'plan.'"

"Did I?" he said. "Well—this is what I meant."

They were both so embarrassed

the first one was almost a total miss. He kissed her again as though it hadn't been and things improved. The third stretched out into a limitless shimmer suddenly killed by the white glare of an automobile's headlights.

The car drew up beside them as they separated and they could not miss a line of Corliss scowl as he got out of the car.

"Good evening, Mary," he said. "Is this the way you study for your Ph.D.?"

Mary's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water while Corliss, ignoring Trevor, stalked majestically off.

"Well, Mary," Trevor said sadly before Mary could speak. "I guess our purpose is accomplished. I must now step aside which I will do after saying I have very much enjoyed our slight acquaintance."

He got out of the car. While Mary still gasped he beckoned to a Marine sentry who had providen-

"Dancing," Trevor said firmly, "is one of those other things I'm really good at."

Finally appeared the way Marines always seem to.

"Will you please see Miss Thurs-ton has an escort home?" he asked him. Then he bent and kissed her with cheerful briskness. "Good-bye, Mary. That was our casual kiss."

But the triumph of playing a successful role for the first time since he came to the station did not carry Lieutenant Trevor past the hangar threshold and Squadron 65's politely oblivious reception of him as a piece of excess baggage.

Standing helplessly around to watch the take-off preparations Trevor felt so anonymous that he would even have welcomed the unpleasantness with Corliss that he had fully expected. But Corliss was too busy for private feuds at the moment, and contrary to Mary's wishes, Trevor had not been scheduled as passenger in Corliss' plane.

Once in the air he had hoped to establish some parity with the pilots over the instrument-board. However, there was no room for an observer in the pilots' compartment of the big bomber, and when he tried to talk with the gunners and mechanics in the

air cabin they told him how lucky he was with nothing to do so he could turn right in.

So dolefully Trevor slept through the night, through a storm and their arrival in the northern fog, and had to listen to all the attendant adventures later at breakfast in the wardroom of the tender.

To add to his depression the supply officer who had not sent the wireless message was not demonstrably appreciative of Trevor's making the effort to rectify his error. Trevor would, he said, have to go ashore to the warehouse and find the cases for himself. Nobody could be spared to take him. And anyway, the chances were those cases never would be found.

But, after a long search through the big, crowded warehouse, Trevor found the cases. It took another long time to change the markings. He had just finished when the warehouse door swung open to admit Corliss. By the way Corliss looked at him it was evident that emotion which had been postponed last night

under a full moon was now due to continue.

"For Pete's sake, Trevor," he said nastily, "are you camping out? You've been here since eleven o'clock."

"I had to find these cases, sir," Trevor said, "and redirect them."

"Redirect them?" Corliss said with a short, scornful laugh. "For what?"

Coming nearer he surveyed Trevor's painstaking lettering. "Advance Base X." I thought so. The last ship that can reach Advance Base X before fall freeze-up left last week. The one you made these miss. You've come two thousand miles to direct six cases that can't get out of here till spring. Although I realise your time isn't very valuable I should think you could do more with it than that!"

With sickening certainty Trevor knew Corliss was telling him the truth. He tried to look at him steadily through a rising tide of red.

"If you came out here to try to lift some No. 2 birdshot," he said, "there isn't any. I've been through everything in the place to find those cases and I know."

Corliss grew scarlet. "Look here, Trevor," he said deliberately. "I know you're naturally dumb. But you're not so dumb you don't know you can't talk like that to a superior officer. You should also know you can't compromise another officer's daughter the way you did last night. If you want that kind of date, there should be females outside the Station—"

Trevor's fist shot out and connected with Corliss' chin. Corliss' expression as he sank to the floor was still surprised. Trevor turned at a cough behind him. The supply officer stood surveying the scene with popping eyes.

"H-how," he said weakly, "did you do it?"

Trevor dusted off his hands with a lightness that he was far from feeling. "Oh, as a boy I took boxing lessons," he said airily.

The supply officer said, "My lad, do you realise you could be court-martialled for this? And may I say"—he closed his eyes in ringside ecstasy—"it was a very pretty sight."

Please turn to page 10

Page 9

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OPENING his eyes he resumed his professionally mournful air. "I'll do the best I can for you. I'll say I didn't see it. I'll be glad to do that much for you."

Corliss was showing signs of coming to and by a tacit consent they strolled out, leaving him among the cases. Back at the tender the squadron was looking for Corliss. They had orders to go out on patrol at midnight. Since they had flown the night before, it was necessary for them to get what rest they could now. Corliss arrived before they decided to send a boat ashore for him. He looked a little pale, but otherwise as usual.

Trevor passed a fitful night trying to remember what he had read about courts-martial in his Navy Regulations. Walking around he forgot his own concerns in the discovery that the squadron had not returned and fog was clinging like moss to his porthole.

At breakfast the commanding officer appeared annoyed with his questions about how soon one began to worry when a squadron was overdue. He left the table, inviting Trevor in sarcastic accents to drop in at his office any time; he had nothing to do but explain his business to reserve J.G.'s. Trevor waited until ten o'clock and then availed himself of the invitation.

"Sir," he said, "did you notice? The fog has gone all the way down

to the water. I particularly looked"

"Why don't you see the aerologist?" the commanding officer said in a stifled voice. "He is particularly looking, too."

The aerologist was a tall thin man with an anxious face. He told Trevor that the fog was general in area and fifteen hundred miles in extent.

"Is the ship talking to them?" Trevor said. "What do they say?"

"What can they say?" the aerologist flared. "They're spread around in the stuff like a bunch of lost sheep. They just keep talking. It's bad to hear them talk when the end they're talking to ought to be doing the talking!"

"Why aren't we doing the talking?" Trevor said. "Why don't we take this ship out in the middle of the bay and bring them in on the radio beam?"

"Know what we've got this morning?" the aerologist said. "Boiler trouble. You can't move her. So we wait. We wait and hope that the fog will lift."

"How much gas have they got?"

"Not enough. Two more hours."

"I think," Trevor said, "will go out on deck."

It was cold on deck. The fog seemed to cling like barnacles. Trevor came back after what seemed to the aerologist a long time. "I

Continued from page 9

have an idea," he said. "But we must work fast. It's only an hour and three-quarters now. The first thing is to see the commanding officer."

The commanding officer put down his telephone and stared at Trevor and the aerologist. "You say you can fix up a blind-land jury rig in a motor-boat to take out in the middle of the bay and bring them in on the radio beam? We haven't the materials."

"Sir, we have," Trevor said, "what with the gear left by my own mistake in your warehouse. I was out there yesterday for quite a while and I saw where everything else was too. All I need is a couple of spars and radio antenna to fix it up."

"How long will it take?" said the commanding officer.

"An hour, sir," Trevor said. "We have an hour and forty minutes."

Afterward Trevor was never quite able to tell how the whole thing turned into the commanding officer's idea. He was too busy.

With the help of two radio men from the tender Trevor labored in the motor-boat that had been brought alongside the tender. The commanding officer stood on the ship's bridge and watched. How it came about Trevor never quite knew, but at the moment that he announced completion in less than the hour that he had set himself the commanding officer was in the boat with them saying, "Very good, Trevor, you may go aboard now. I will take over from here."

Besides the regular ground crew there was no one but a couple of the inevitable Marines to witness the arrival of the northern mail plane the next day at Hangar Number Four. It was not, Trevor thought as he climbed out, much of a homecoming.

As he stood on the runway the executive officer's car passed with the exec, tossing him a smile of unusual cordiality out of the window. Trevor thought mournfully that he must have been mistaken for somebody else. He went inside the hangar. But as he walked in he heard a familiar voice.

"Hello, Trevor," Mary greeted him with a nervous stammer. "When did you get back?"

"Just now," he stammered in return. "Mary, how wonderful. Finding you here."

"Then you didn't know I was here? So you meant what you said that night about leaving me?"

"I didn't mean it then," he said. "I had a lot more confidence than I have now."

"You haven't confidence," she cried, "after what you did up there?"

At his blank look her words rushed on.

"Father had a wireless from the supply officer about how they used that mislabeled radio equipment to blind-land the squadron on the

radio beam so they were going to keep all blind-land equipment there for future emergency. But as I pointed out to Father, and afterwards to the exec, because we were over there for dinner and so was the captain, you were obviously the one who found it for him."

"The old goat forgot he said in his first wireless that nobody could locate the cases."

"Mary," Trevor said in hushed awe. "You told that to your father and the captain and the exec."

"Father is so busy he needs to have details pointed out to him now and then," she said. "And the captain and the exec are just like Father. They laughed a lot about the supply officer forgetting what he had put in his first wireless. Then I told them I was sure you had done the whole thing somehow because radio and the radio beam was your specialty."

"Then the captain laughed a lot more and said for me to tell you to come in and see him when you got back and tell him all about it, and maybe he could find a place for you that would be more your specialty than that material!"

"Mary, Mary," Trevor said. "You're wonderful!"

He had taken her in his arms.

"So you didn't mean what you said—about leaving me, that night?" she said. "Or are you used to kissing girls—and leaving them like that?"

"Mary, darling," he said. "Let me tell you a secret. I never kissed anybody before. I am like you. The intellectual type. I never had any four sisters. I made them up to help me along with you. Then I went on using them. I think I'll keep them now. They seem to help me."

"That didn't help you save Corliss' life," she cried. "and the whole squadron, and I know that's what you did!"

"Corliss." His clasp weakened. "I had forgotten about Corliss."

"Please," she murmured, "go on forgetting him."

She could not know that he was thinking of the look of surprise on Corliss' face as he sank to a warehouse floor; or of Corliss' different look of surprise when the aerologist, in the absence of the commanding officer, had told Corliss how Trevor had assembled that jury rig. "This makes us quits for yesterday," he had told Trevor. "But don't crow me on it!"

With a slight sinking of heart Trevor temporarily shelved the question of whether or not Corliss would consider the present case as violation of that warning. He kissed Mary and his heart stopped sinking.

"Corliss!" he said stoutly. "I will fix Corliss. I'll introduce him to my four sisters!"

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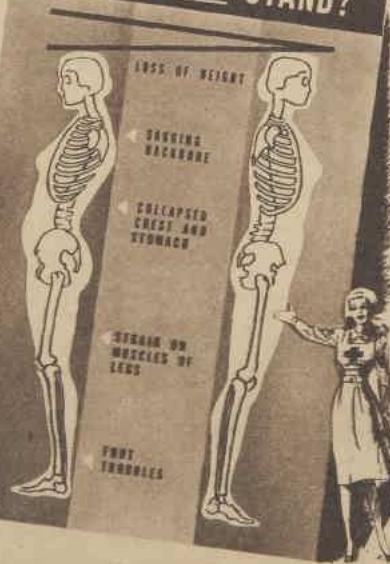
When your posture is good there is less strain on the back muscles, your lungs get more air and hence your blood more oxygen; your digestive and other organs are not crowded—as they are when you slump—you ARE healthier and more energetic. And what is equally important, you LOOK it and FEEL it! Good posture makes a wonderful difference to your confidence.

GOOD POSTURE IN SITTING: Sit well back so that the lower back is comfortably supported by the back of the chair. Sit with the spine erect and the head and the upper part of body in good balance. It may seem a little strange at first; but once it becomes a habit, good posture is the easiest to maintain.

WHEN YOU STAND PROPERLY, your head is up and chin in, your shoulders are back and your shoulder blades are flat. Your chest is held high and forward, your abdomen is drawn up and in, your derriere is tucked in. Knees are straight. Good posture is easy posture, without stiffness.

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Says Lady Blamey



Ola O Blamey



Movie World

Maria ... unofficial ambassador

SULTRY Latin vamp, Maria Montez, has an unusual war job. She is one of Hollywood's premier promoters of the goodwill policy between North and South America.

As unofficial host to the visiting dignitaries from South American countries, her vivacity and charm make many friends for America.

Maria's popularity is welcomed at this time when film industry leaders are joining hands with international diplomats to further pan-American solidarity.

The grace and dignity of Maria Montez are inherited from her distinguished forebears. Her father, the late Isidoro Gracia, was Spanish Consul and Embassy delegate to the Dominican Republic where Maria was born. Her great-grandfather was the Comte de Gracia.

Serorita Montez is an ideal "ambassador" because she has travelled extensively and is an accomplished linguist.

Maria adores jewellery, and her collection is the envy of Hollywood. Priceless family heirlooms include valuable antique jewellery claimed to have been part of fifteenth-century Queen Isabella's crown jewels. Her most treasured possession is an exquisite set of topaz gems.

Maria Montez's gift of quiet repose and graceful action stood her in good stead when she was asked by famous oil-painting artist McClelland Barclay to pose for him. She became his favorite model.

It has been useful at Hollywood, too, when she began posing for publicity photographs. Most artists dread the long hours of posing, but Maria made a personal campaign out of this work.

Universal studios are already aware of Maria's sarong appeal, and as soon as they signed up the whole cast, headed by lovely Maria, and "Arabian Nights" was completed, went into production with "Cobra Woman" and then "White Savage."



• Dynamic Universal star, Maria Montez, in Oriental costume she wears in Walter Wanger's Technicolor extravaganza, "Arabian Nights," in which she co-stars with Jon Hall and Sabu.



• Maria is a typical glamor girl, and has even refused to pose for pictures showing her working in a kitchen because she claims this would ruin her exotic build-up.



• Kathryn Grayson's first screen appearance was with Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary."



• After her screen debut, Kathryn returned to the talent school and was next seen as a charming young lady in "The Vanishing Virginian." Spring Byington is with her in this scene.



• Metro proved their faith in this lovely young songster when they selected her to play the feminine lead opposite John Carroll in "Rio Rita," which was one of their most important films of the year.

Four steps to stardom

By CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

EIGHTEEN months ago, Kathryn Grayson, a plump schoolgirl with a lovely singing voice, made her film debut with Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." Since then, Kathryn has been groomed for glamour, and now she is a sleeker young charmer whose first starring film, "Seven Sweethearts," is one of the surprise hits of the year.

Actually there is nothing in Kathryn's family history to suggest that she would ever rise to such heights. Her father, Charles Hedrick, was a building contractor, and Mrs. Hedrick and the four children accompanied him from town to town as his contracts led him.

They were in St. Louis when Frances Marshall, a visiting opera star, heard Kathryn sing and urged the family to send the youngster to New York to start on an operatic career.

But family finances wouldn't run to that. Kathryn was sixteen when they came to Los Angeles to live. There she enrolled at the Manual Arts High School and it wasn't long before an MGM talent scout heard about this gifted pupil. And Kathryn earned the distinction of signing a long-term contract before she had made a screen test.

Two years later she was seen on the screen for the first time. Intensive lessons at the talent school preceded her debut. Dramatic art, diction, posture, carriage, and makeup were lessons she had to learn.

Successful debut

THEN she made her debut in the title role of "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." She was just a chubby schoolgirl, but critics noted the quality of her voice. It had, they said, something of the clarity of Lily Pons'.

Kathryn went back to the talent school, reappearing before the cameras for "The Vanishing Virginian." It was a more adult Kathryn this time. Then came "Rio Rita," and the chubby schoolgirl had turned into an exquisite little person, with a piquant face and enormous eyes.

When her name was announced for "Seven Sweethearts," a star was hung on her dressing-room door. She was just twenty. It had taken rather less than four years' training and work in two films and Kathryn was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. In private life Kathryn's a tempestuous little person.

Studio grooming and gradual adaptation to Hollywood life had unexpected results, and while the publicity department was launching a campaign for the newly-risen juvenile, Kathryn, then 18, eloped with John Shelton.

It proved an uneasy marriage. Six months later they separated. Then they were reconciled; then they separated. Latest reports are to the effect that, Shelton having joined the Army, the two are reconciled permanently for the duration.

• For film reviews and Hollywood cubicle see page 22.

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• In her fourth film, "Seven Sweethearts," Kathryn achieved stardom. Her young sister, Frances, appears in same film.

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W.65.IWW

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I always say there's one consolation in makin' mistakes. You learn a lot more from the things you do wrong than from the things you do right.

* * * * *

stingy. When she saves a penny she's practicing Austerity

* * * * *

Uncle Ben says it isn't true women give away secrets. They just swap 'em.

* * * * *

Here's a secret I'm givin' away free. If you're out to save clothes coupons, get acquainted with Rinso. My, but those suds are fairy-fingered with delicate silks and coloured! And while we're talkin' about Rinso, did you know it's a wonder with greasy washing-up?



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You will see them in long-wearing wool fabrics . . . and in Jantzen's Velva-cord Fabric . . . in all leading stores throughout Australia.



Style 5. Wool coat with jigger button. Can be worn with Style 7 (at right) as a twin set. Cuffs are hand tacked to allow of individual adjustment. 35/- Coupons. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. Colours: Cherry Red, Vista Blue, Greystone, Vineyard Red, Golden Yellow, Loyal Blue, Aqua Blue.



Style 7. Wool pullover, must be well made. And Jantzen makes it well, for long, long wear. Can be matched with Style 5 (at left). 17/9d Coupons. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. Colours: Cherry Red, Vista Blue, Greystone, Vineyard Red, Golden Yellow, Loyal Blue, Aqua Blue.



Style 12. An all-purpose cardigan in Jantzen's Velva-cord fabric. Fully tailored sleeves. Military shoulders. 45/- Coupons. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. Colours: Navy Blue, Bahama Blue, Burgundy, Cherry Red, Aqua Blue, Black.



Style 8. Cardigan in wool. Simulated knit-on basque and cuffs. Button-holes are all double gimp reinforced. 27/6d. Coupons. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. Colours: Loyal Blue, Vista Blue, Robin Red, Greystone, Leaf Green, Cyclamen Rose.



Will Jantzen be making Men's Pullovers again this Winter?

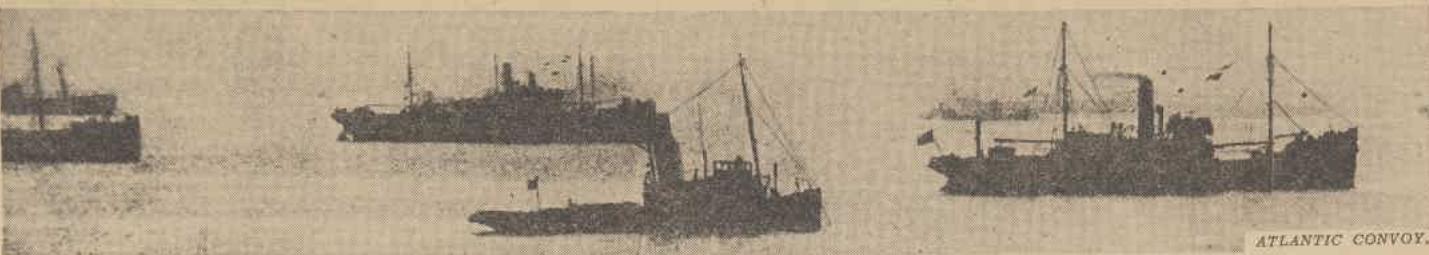
Yes, Jantzen will—and Jantzen will be making them to give utmost warmth, comfort and long wear.



What is Jantzen knitting for the fighting forces?

Jantzen machines make mountains of khaki wool disappear every day. Our girls are doing a wonderful Victory job—working their hardest to keep our fighting boys warm. Something else—they're now making mosquito-proof tents, and machine gun belting too . . . and they've subscribed over £2000 for War Savings Certificates.

JANTZEN (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED



ATLANTIC CONVOY.

Australian girl is "Sparks" in Norwegian ship

Shares with Merchant Navy perils of U-boats, E-boats, Atlantic gales

By ANNE MATHESON. Cabled from London.

First of the only two women radio operators in the Allied Merchant Navy is an Australian. She is Lieutenant Peggy Richards, of Perth.

For six hazardous voyages, she's shared the adventures of the crew of a Norwegian cargo ship—and there isn't another life she'd rather lead. Recovering from concussion received when lost homeward bound, Peggy is recuperating and collecting her kit for her next voyage, and she's just as excited as a girl going on her first holiday cruise.

I HAD lunch with Peggy at the Berkeley Buttery, where she relaxed after adventures.

To the sounds of gentle music and the quiet hum of voices she told me how much she enjoys her brief leaves, yet how anxious she is to be back again at sea.

She wore the uniform of a lieutenant of the Norwegian Navy, which was distinctive, even in the fashionable Berkeley, crowded out with uniforms of every Service.

"It's a job I'm sure every girl would love, one in which I feel I've pioneered the way, for already the Norwegian Merchant Navy has signed on another girl radio operator," she said.

"I was doing secretarial work when I made up my mind I'd go to sea. Only stewardesses' jobs, however, were available, so I racked my brains for some useful job I could learn."

"The sea's in my blood. My mother is a stewardess aboard ship—Mrs. Dorothy Snell, of Perth.

"The British Merchant Navy wouldn't consider me, so I did a four months' radio course, and when I got my ticket I haunted the offices of the Norwegian Merchant Navy till I was given my chance."

"It was only by making a nuisance of myself with certificate in hand that I was given a trial run, for there is a deep superstition against taking a woman to sea."

"I knew I'd have to be one of the crew, and I was unobtrusive, yet not entirely self-effacing. So much depended on that first voyage, not only for myself, but for many girls who might follow in the profession if it were opened up to them."

"Not for a moment did I let anyone from the captain down forget I was a girl, however, though not for a moment did I forget I was just one of the crew bringing home the vital news of war."

"So I did my own job, alternating watches with the Norwegian radio operator, and helped out with all clerical work and accounts in my spare time.

Remained feminine

"WHATEVER I had to do I just turned my hand to it, and after a while I had to pass on the captain's orders to the gunners at action stations.

"Though I was doing a man's work I took all my best frocks and wore them in off-duty hours. I always kept my nails manicured and my hair curled, and so remained as feminine aboard ship in off-duty hours as I'd have done ashore.

"After my first voyage the crew forgot their superstitions, and now I'm just one of them. That is my greatest triumph."

"We'd had many narrow escapes together, dodging U-boats, tossed by gales, menaced by air attack.

"It's a life that is so full of thrills and dangers there isn't much time for a normal existence, but when you're in such grand company as the Merchant Navy it's a life you wouldn't miss for anything."



MRS. DOROTHY SNELL, mother of Lieutenant Peggy Richards.



LIEUTENANT PEGGY RICHARDS, of Perth, at her job as a radio operator on a cargo ship of the Norwegian Merchant Navy.—Artist's impression by Santry.

braid round the cuffs like the men in the Navy Volunteer Reserve.

"My forage cap has the crown and anchor of the British Navy in front, for the Norwegians are under British control now."

"It's never lonely at sea—there's so much to do. The longest watch is six hours, as it's such concentrated work and so tiring. Then I read, knit, or embroider, which I find very relaxing."

"I've learned Norwegian and taught many of the crew to speak English. I write letters for them in my spare time.

"I'm accorded full rights in the officers' mess with them."

"Most of my trips have been across the Atlantic, and I love putting in to New York, where everyone goes mad about the Merchant Navy."

"In fact, we are given a wonderful reception at whatever Allied port we put into."

Peggy—her real name is Adeline—comes from a little farm west of Kalgoorlie. She was brought up at Aranmore Convent, Perth, and was in England at the outbreak of war.

She's very attractive, 25 years old, slim, with dark hair curled and swept upward, hazel eyes, long, fringed lashes, a pointed chin, chiselled features, and a clear skin. She dimples as she smiles.

She wears her Navy uniform with the elegance of a mannequin, her sensitive hands are well cared for, though ship's chores must at times take toll of them.

Once for 24 hours, when the weather was at its roughest, Peggy worked without ceasing, bailing out water from the wireless-room—and that's not an unusual occurrence.

Though her voice is soft and clear, it has a good strong ring that's developed from shouting orders from the captain to the men on the guns.

"At first I was terrified at having to do this. I didn't think I'd be quick or accurate enough, but after the first attack I found I developed a sixth sense that told me where the enemy E-boats or U-boats were lurking, so now, even as the captain gives me orders, I seem to know the direction in which we have to fire."

"Some of these actions last a long time, and it's rather exhausting, but there are compensating hours of relaxation when the danger is past."

Salt in her blood

"PEGGY made her first voyage when she was six months old," said her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Snell, in Sydney.

"That was when I took her to England for the first time. By the time she was four she had made four voyages."

"She has always loved the sea, which isn't surprising as our family is a seafaring one."

"Her grandfather was a captain in sail, my two brothers have also gone to sea, and I have been working on ships as a stewardess for many years," she continued.

"She has not seen her daughter for 10 years, during which time Peggy has been living in England."

Stirring story of Soviet woman farmer in guerrilla warfare

I met Frosya when I was a patient in a Moscow hospital. Frosya was a popular figure among the wounded in the surgical wards as she tripped quietly in and out in her nurse's cap and apron and soft slippers.

SHE was not really a nurse. She was a partisan, one of those brave citizens who join guerrilla bands when their home districts are overrun by the enemy.

I found out her story after hearing a doctor tell her one day, saying: "You shouldn't work like that, not sleeping at night. You look as if you need a good rest."

"Oh, it's nothing. I'm used to sleepless nights," she said with a bright smile, and added proudly, "I haven't been a guerrilla fighter for nothing."

Frosya comes from Byelorussia where, before the German invasion, she was manager of a collective farm.

There weren't many women managing farms, and it was no easy task. Frosya, however, was regarded as one of the most successful.

When the Germans invaded Bye-

Cabled from Moscow.
By
GALINA NARIMANOVA.

sery to take a peep at the sweet faces of her children.

It stung her motherly heart to see them growing thinner day by day.

Before dawn she was back in the farm.

Once it happened that Frosya remained for the night in her home, as her mother assured her that the German garrison had gone off to another village, and, it was supposed, would not return till the next day.

But just as the family was about to retire, two drunken German officers broke into the cottage.

The young woman had no time to hide. One of the miscreants attacked her violently, regardless of the presence of the frightened mother and two kiddies.

"I don't know where I got the strength from," Frosya told me, "but I fought as fiercely that the two officers could do nothing with me."

Maddened by her resistance, one of the Nazis gave Frosya such a violent blow that she fell to the

ground, knocking her head against an iron tub which stood nearby.

Blood streamed down her face and she lost consciousness.

Meanwhile two more officers ran into the cottage and motioned to the first two intruders to follow them, evidently upon some urgent business.

After kicking Frosya's senseless body and concluding that the young woman was dead, they hastened out of the house.

When Frosya, after recovering, went back to her partisan detachment she discovered that it had merged with the detachment commanded by her husband, so now they were to struggle side by side.

Once when partisans were engaged in a hectic battle with the enemy, Frosya's husband was seriously wounded.

An immediate operation was essential. So a plane came to take Ivan and a number of other wounded partisans to a Moscow hospital and Frosya accompanied them.

At present she is tending the wounded, but is anxious to get back to the partisan detachment.

For Byelorussia is still in the hands of the enemy, and her mother and two children are still suffering in German bondage.

Editorial

MARCH 27, 1943

HOMES FOR ALL AUSTRALIANS

TREMENDOUS interest has been aroused by the competition for suggestions for Victory homes in our Home-maker section.

Letters pouring in show how home-hungry are the people of this country, which it is estimated will be 250,000 houses short when the war ends.

These letters reveal that to have "a home of our own" is the cherished dream of thousands of families.

The home is still the focus of social life in Australia.

While it remains so the nation has the soundest possible foundation on which to build a new and greater future.

It is impossible at present to divert manpower and materials to build homes, but it is not too early to begin to plan for the home-building that must come with peace.

Thousands of craftsmen will be among the men returning from the war fronts. They will want work and they will want homes.

If Australia is ready to put them to work building homes, they will find real content in settling back into civilian life.

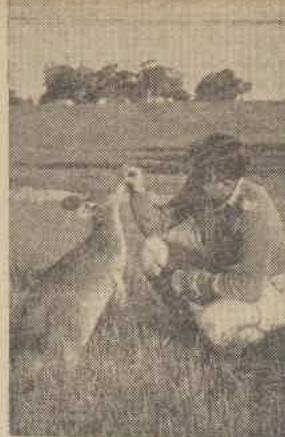
Most important of all will be the scheme by which home-buying is arranged.

In the past the struggle to save a deposit often became such a burden that would-be owners abandoned their dream.

Australia should make it easy for every family to have a home, bought on easy payments, and without a deposit.

Every family so housed would have a stake in the country, a sense of real security, and a focus for its work and hopes.

—THE EDITOR.



"CHOCO, the best-looking girl in town," tries a titbit presented by Pte. Robert Bland, at a military camp somewhere in Australia.



MEMBERS of a famous A.I.F. tank squadron resting after Buna. From left—Back Row: Cpl. Norm Sweetman, Tpr. Boles, Peter Wilson, Sgt. Collison, Tpr. Ian Spencer, "Dud" Harrison, Wally Roberts. Front Row: Tpr. McMillan, Nyes, Dodds, Ganderstan and Hawksley.

Airman rowed lifeboat in heavy swell for 31 hours

When the ship in which he was travelling to England was torpedoed, an Australian airman rowed a lifeboat for thirty-one hours.

Sgt.-Pilot C. A. Mottress tells the story of the ship's sinking and the rescue in a letter to his family in Ballina, N.S.W.

"A few days ago I lost all my kit, only saving three photos and the pen you gave me for my 21st birthday present."

"I am none the worse for my experience, although I did have a damaged nose for some days."

"We sailed from Capetown and at 11.30 next day we were hit by two torpedoes, one in the nose and one in the stern."

"We were in our cabin and all went on deck. I returned to the cabin and put on my jersey and overcoat, also put in my pocket my fountain pen and a small photo each of Fred, Ron, and Fred's two youngsters. Everything else I had to leave behind."

"We then went to boat stations and got all the women and children into boats. Twenty-four boats got away quite safely though there was a heavy sea running at the time."

"The next two boats turned over and we lost a lot of soldiers and merchant navy men."

"We were the second last boat to get away, all being Air Force, 32 in all, including officers and one English W.A.A.F."

"Just before we left the sub put another tin fish into the ship's nose, sending the water all over us."

"We, being one of the last boats away, were handicapped by the other boats' davit ropes and blocks."

"I slid down with our boat to stop the blocks from knocking our heads off. As I was watching the blocks I did not see a heavy rope which came up behind me, struck me on the back of the head, and knocked me head down into the boat, nearly breaking my nose."

"Just then a big wave half-filled the boat, picked me up and dropped me on the ship again."

"But we all got away safely."

"As we floated away the submarine's periscope passed close to our lifeboat."

"We were sighted by a Polish freighter, and were the first boat picked up. By Sunday morning 28 lifeboats were picked up, then we all set off for Capetown."

"We lost about seventy, but saved about twelve hundred. The Polish ship was great. Later a couple of destroyers came out and met us,

one English and one Australian, and were they a welcome sight!"

"Most of those in our boat were seasick, but I was OK. When my nose stopped bleeding I took up rowing, and rowed for 31 hours."

"A few in the boat cracked up, but the Waaf was grand. She showed up some of the others for guts."

"She wouldn't go with the other women, but stuck to the R.A.F., and we admire her for it."

Pte. J. M. Ellingsen, in New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. J. Ellingsen, 28 Sandwell St., Peter Head, S.A.

I HAD a special run of about eighteen miles to go, and was using a push bike, as the motor bikes couldn't get through.

"I had covered about three-parts of the distance when I was confronted with a wide river, so I set about wading it with my bike tucked under my arm."

"I had almost reached the other side when a plane which looked very much like a Wirraway flew past at a height of about 70 feet."

"I didn't take much notice of it."

"But when it turned round and came down the stream with machine-guns and cannon all working overtime, I reckoned it was time I made a quick move."

"I dropped the bike very quickly and scrambled into the undergrowth, as hot lead started zipping all about me."

"The Nip evidently didn't get full marks at the shooting school, as he missed me by a good two feet, though it almost got the bike."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk and girls in the services will be published in this column. Please send them to Adele Shelton Smith, 100 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Letters will be forwarded to the Australian Women's Weekly for publication.

For each letter published on this page, the Australian Women's Weekly will forward payment of £1.

WEP



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

Interesting People



PROFESSOR E. ASHBY

... Scientific liaison
DIRECTOR of newly-established Commonwealth Scientific Liaison Bureau is Professor Eric Ashby, Professor of Botany, Sydney University. Bureau will act as link between scientists and military authorities to promote application of scientific work to war needs in the Services, Government departments, and war industries. Professor Ashby was formerly lecturer in botany, Imperial College of Scientists, London.



MRS. T. C. DAVIS

... from Canada
MAKING many new friends here is Mrs. T. C. Davis, charming wife of Mr. Justice Davis, Canada's new High Commissioner to Australia. Enthusiastic worker for Red Cross Mrs. Davis helped organise and run huge Red Cross canteen in Ottawa. Profits averaged 1000 dollars a month. Mrs. Davis also worked for crippled children's hospital in Regina.



LIEUT.-GEN. W. KRUEGER
U.S. 6th Army

LIEUT.-GENERAL WALTER KRUEGER has arrived in Australia from America to organise and command America's new 6th Army here. This field force will include American soldiers in New Zealand. Recently commander U.S. 3rd Army, in Texas Lieut.-General Krueger joined U.S. forces as a private.

As I Read the S T A R S

by JUNE MARSDEN

DURING the coming week, the planetary radiations are evenly divided between adversity and good fortune.

Consequently, everybody will have to work hard to dodge trouble and upsets, and equally strenuously to attain desired goals and changes.

However, people born under Sagittarius, Aries, and Leo should be luckiest of all groups, with Geminians and Aquarians next.

Librarians, Cancerians, and Capricornians must be particularly cautious.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 19): Be guarded from March 21 to 4 p.m., March 25 (to 4 p.m.), also on March 29 and 30. Try to avoid expenditure and loss. Seek progress, changes and gains of all kinds on March 25 (evening), March 26 (midnight), plain sailing from dawn to 3 a.m. and late afternoon, and March 28.

Taurus (April 21 to May 19): Dangerous weather through March 24. March 26 can produce surprising conditions, and March 28 (to midday) be mildly helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 20): Things now improve slightly but avoid big decisions and over-confidence. March 23 (around dawn) and March 24 (daylight) slightly helpful. March 25 (evening) to March 27 (midnight) poor.

On March 22 to July 20: Recent helpful weather will continue for weeks which can produce many difficulties and annoyances. Live quietly for a while, especially on March 23, 24, 25, and 30. Late March 21 (midnight) fair; March 22 (before 10 a.m.) fair. March 27 (excluding forenoon hours) excellent. March 28 (midday) but be cautious.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): Recent oppositions and contradictions may now ease out, but don't be over-enthusiastic yet. March 25 (dawn), March 26 (midnight) and March 27 (midday), all slightly helpful.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): Let impartial matters wait. Difficulties, losses, and oppositions or partings are more likely than success just now. March 23, 24, 25 (early), 26, 28 and 30 all adverse.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 21): Slow down on recent activities except to improve and consolidate. March 25 (from mid-morning to mid-evening); March 26 (dusk) and March 27 (dusk) all quite quiet.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Things should now change from difficult and upsetting to progressive and pleasing, as plan well and work hard. Use March 23 (to 10 a.m.), March 25 (dusk until 10 p.m.), March 26 (from dusk to dawn) and March 27 (10 a.m. and near dusk) for best results of the week.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be on guard against delays, obstructions and personal problems—on March 23, 24, 25 (early), 26, 29 and 30. Avoid changes.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 18): Quite a good month, particularly and progressively on March 23 (before 10 a.m. after 1 p.m.), March 24 (to dusk), March 26 (dusk), and March 27 (before 10 a.m. and dusk).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Avoid over-confidence now. Consolidate recent gains and changes for best results March 25 (near dusk), March 26 (to mid-day) fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a service of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. Jane Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

Film Guide

*** This Above All. Eric Knight's best seller of English wartime romance magnificently presented by a superb cast. Joan Fontaine is a sincere, lovable heroine, and in the difficult role of an embittered deserter from the British Army who loves Joan, Tyrone Power acts effectively.—Century, showing.

* Flight Lieutenant. The old, over-worked story of a pilot crashing his plane and killing the co-pilot, but making magnificent amends later. Pat O'Brien is the pilot and Glenn Ford plays the role of the pilot's son.—Capitol and Cameo, showing.

* Secrets of the Underground. A timely mystery thriller about a gang counterfeiting war stamps. John Hubbard, as public prosecutor, and Virginia Grey, newspaper woman, trail the rogues.—Capitol and Cameo, showing.

King of the Stallions. This film revolves around Thunder, a magnificent black stallion. Romantic interest supplied by Dave O'Brien and Barbara Felker.—Civic, showing.

The Gay Parisian. Artistically mounted short ballet feature in superb technicolor. As well as being director and choreographer, Leonide Massine dances the role of the Peruvian, centre of all the fun in this ballet.—Century, showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are resting on the beach with

PRINCESS NARDA: of Cockaigne, when a young girl.

CLAIR: Attempts to commit suicide by throwing herself into the sea. Mandrake rescues

her, and learns that the previous night, without reason, she attempted to kill

BOB: Her fiance, by shooting at him. The mysterious happenings intrigues Mandrake, and he decides to spend the week-end at Clair's house. There the party is met by HER UNCLE: A sinister figure, whose hobby is growing orchids. NOW READ ON:



I'M UNABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR MY NIECE'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR, MANDRAKE.

BUT LET'S TALK OF MORE PLEASANT THINGS. I HAVE MANY UNUSUAL PLANTS HERE.

THIS IS YOUR HOBBY, EH?

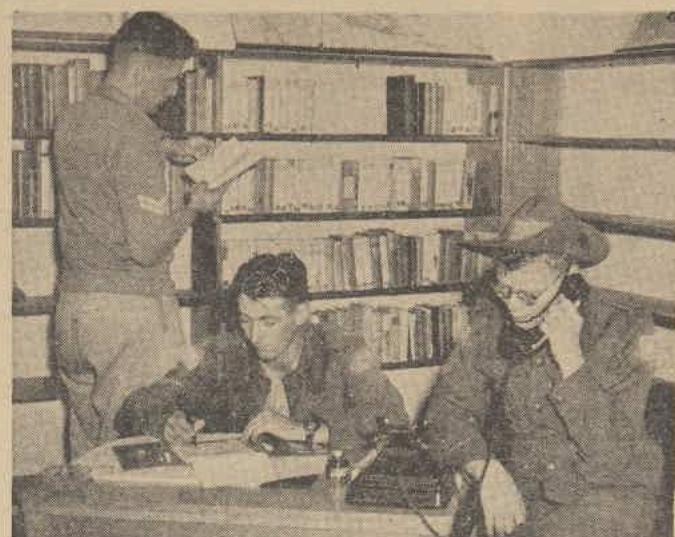
YES, I SPECIALISE IN ORCHIDS. I HAVE ONE OF THE FINEST COLLECTIONS IN THE WORLD. AREN'T THEY BEAUTIES?



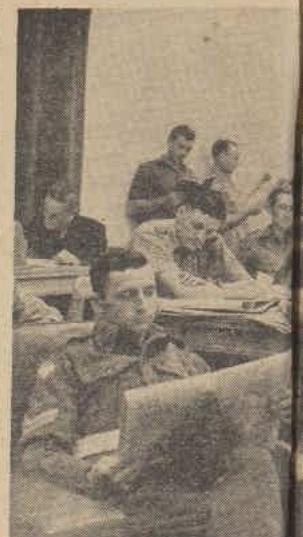
Servicemen delighted with new club - Australia



RECREATION. Trooper Jack Slater, of Adelaide, prepares to make his shot while A.B. Fred Temple, of Melbourne, looks on at the new Army club for servicemen.



QUIET LIBRARY CORNER. Corporal F. W. Brunner (Sydney) chooses a book, while Pte. J. D. MacKnight (Sydney) telephones. L/Bombardier J. Larkin (Melbourne) writes home at the club.



AT EASE. Men of all services relax in the Army club. Furniture is of bright-colored wood and there is a large number of writing-tables.

Eighty members of the A.W.A.S. staff these grand leave quarters

Already thousands of soldiers, sailors, and airmen have enjoyed the hospitality of Australia's largest Servicemen's club, opened in Sydney recently.

"We planned to make it our first stop the moment we reached Sydney," said three soldiers visiting the club on leave from New Guinea. They were Sgts. H. J. Brennan, G. L. Edwards, and A. N. Clarke. "We read a lot about it up there; even the Fuzzy-Wuzzies used to talk about it. It certainly comes up to our expectations."

IT took only eight weeks to make a Cinderella-like transformation of the huge warehouse into this fine club. An army of workmen toiled at top speed day and night to prepare it once the building was actually decided on.

A feature of the reception-room is the brightly-colored leather furniture.

Scarlet circular lounges have been built around cream pillars. Along the walls are long lounges, also in scarlet. Chrome chairs have seats of wine-colored leather.

"We think that men on leave from battle-stations need to see bright colors," said one of the Army architects, Lieut. R. Appleton. "In keeping with the gay color is the honey-colored wood of the furnishings," he added.

Draping the lofty and wide windows are curtains of forest-green material. These curtains are dyed to the exact shade which would make a favorable contrast to the scarlet leather.

Running in circular fashion at the end of the room is a snack-bar, where light meals are served from 6 a.m. till midnight.

Beds for 480

THIS is a busy spot early in the mornings, when hundreds of men arrive in the city on country trains.

There are eight floors in the club. Four are occupied by the dormitories. There is sleeping accommodation for 480, but Army officials at the club say that this is already proving inadequate. The charge is one shilling a night.

Beds are in two tiers, and thick mattresses and snowy bedclothes are covered with green coverlets, again repeating the bright color scheme.

Showers and wash-rooms are large and well designed.

Mails, which cost one shilling, are served in a bright dining-room which seats 205. Chairs and tables are in light coach-wood and curtains are of dark green.

Four joints are served at lunch and dinner, two entrees, two soups,

salads, and a choice of five desserts.

The kitchen pantry is enough to make any housewife sigh with envy at its array of tinned foods, which have long disappeared from the shelves of the average house.

Tinned food is kept, however, for emergencies only.

The reception-room consists of a well-stocked canteen, where everything from boot-polish to chocolate is on sale, five billiard tables, two for ping-pong, a library and writing-room.

Green is again the motif for the color scheme.

"The men think it is a wonderful club. You should just hear their praise the minute they step inside the doors," said Private Dorothy Wood, a club hostess. She is one of the eighty Awas who were specially chosen to staff the club.

The Awas are feeling very proud to be on duty here," said Lieut. Dorothy Frazer, who is officer-in-command of the A.W.A.S.

Lieut. Frazer is working in co-operation with the O.C. of the club, Captain M. J. Stevens, in the big task of administration.

Busy staff

SHE was a stenographer in civil life, and has been in the Army for more than a year. In fact, her Army service is as old as the A.W.A.S., as she was one of the first rookies.

Her work at the club is, she considers, the most interesting she has had.

Members of the A.W.A.S. are working as waitresses, cooks, kitchen orderlies, telephonists, dormitory orderlies, clerks, receptionists, hostesses, and snack-bar attendants.

One of the servicewomen on duty at the snack-bar is Private N. Davis, who formerly lived at Kaveng, New Guinea. She left her plantation home a month before Japan declared war and has been living in Sydney since then.

"I was doing voluntary war work for some time, but I felt I could do more in a service, so I joined up," said Mrs. Davis.

"I've just finished my three weeks' rookie course, and this is my first posting," she added. "It's quite a job, too. The early morning shift is the hardest. The men just swarm in from 6 a.m. till 8 a.m., and they all seem to be pretty hungry at that time."

A number of the girls have been detailed to act as hostesses.

They are able to tell servicemen who are strangers in the city what theatres are open, what pleasure trips they can take, when trains and ferries leave, which are the best



A.W.A.S. STAFFS CLUB. Pte. Joan Kewin is one of the telephonists. She is speaking into microphone to page a guest of the club.

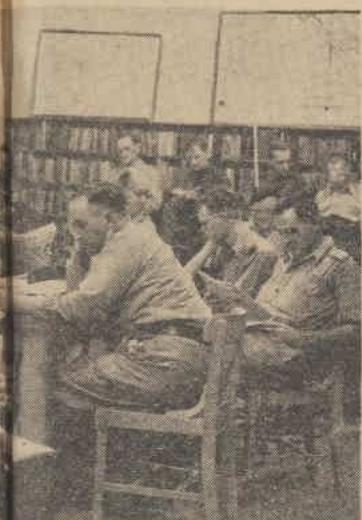


HOSTESS. Pte. G. Fenwick discusses picture programmes with two Victorian men on leave from New Guinea. Sgt. N. Trotter (left) and L.A.C. C. Pitcher.

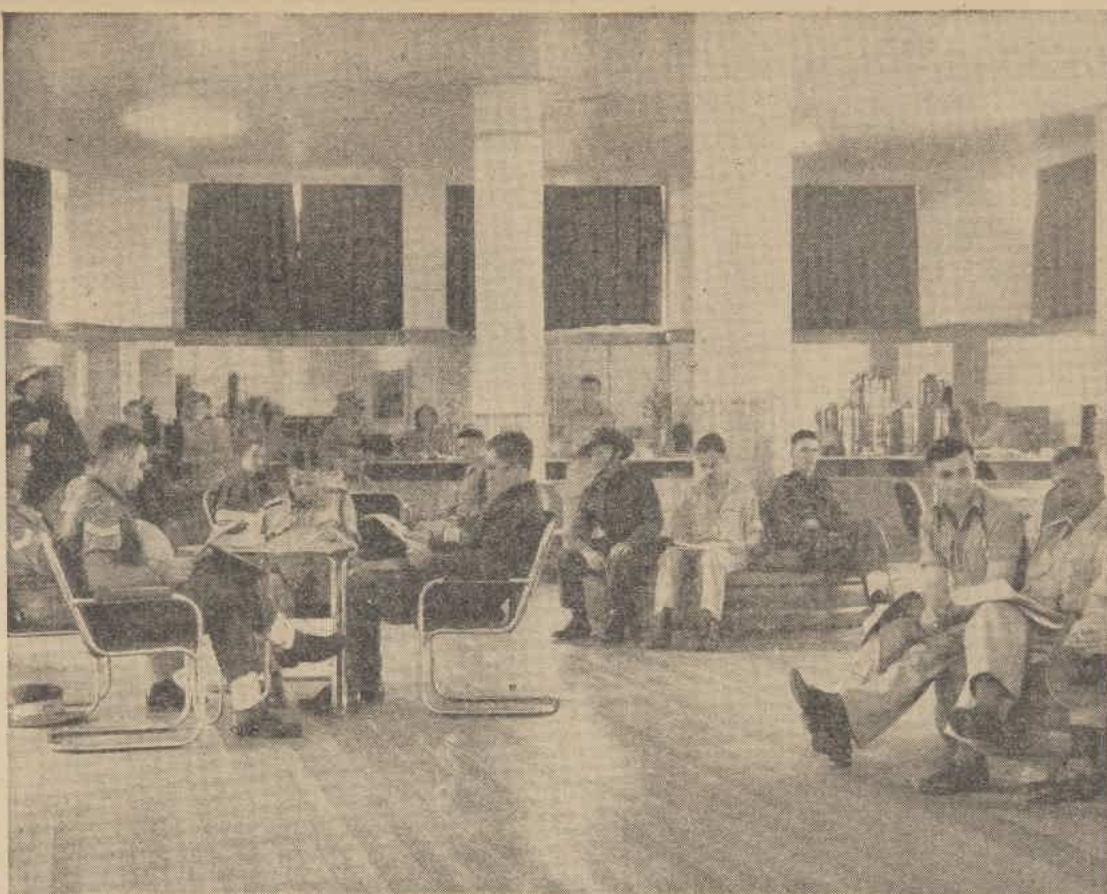


ORDERS OF THE DAY. Lieut. Dorothy Frazer, officer in charge of A.W.A.S., gives instructions to Pte. Joyce McAuliffe. She also assists with club administration. Frazer was one of the first rookies in the women's army.

Australia's largest



IN THE RESTFUL LIBRARY AND WRITING-ROOM AT THE CLOSERED LEATHER AND LIGHT WOOD. THERE ARE A HUNDRED CHAIRS WHICH ARE ALWAYS IN USE.



ENJOYING THEIR LEAVE. Servicemen in reception-room at Australian Defence Canteen Service Club. Color scheme is bright, and chairs and lounges comfortable. Snack-bar is at back.



COOKS. Above carve joints for lunch at Service club. Four joints are served at each meal. (Left) Corporal J. F. Hurst and Sgt. W. H. Whelstone.



DORMITORY DUTY. Gunner Edith Marleene (left) and Pte. Mildred Atchison checking over clean linen. Club has 480 beds. They are in "double-decker" style and painted white.



APPLE PIE AND CREAM. Pte. Nancy Bryan, A.W.A.S., serves up large helping at snack-bar. (From left) A.c.l. Bob McDougall, A.c.l. Jim Phillips, Sapper L. Metcalfe, and L.a.e. W. Hoger.



BOOKING-IN. Pte. Patsy Scudde books accommodation for soldiers who have just arrived in Sydney on leave. At left is Driver P. Thurton, and at right Corporal Jerry Hill. Club has every facility and is centrally situated.

Needlework Notions



F.5763A. Tailored blouse with interesting double-breasted effect. 32 to 36 bust. Requires 1 5-8yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F.2190. Dashing cape with smart squared shoulders. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F.1008. Appealing little frock for four to ten years. Requires 1 7-8 to 2 3-8 yds. Pattern, 1/4.

F.1951. Useful blazer for small girls 6 to 14 years. Requires 1 1/4 to 1 5-8yds. Pattern, 1/4.

F.2297. Gay plaid frock with slit pockets interestingly faced with contrasting material. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



Special Concession Pattern

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

ATTRACTIVE UNDIES FOR GIRLS 1-2, 2-4, 4-6 YEARS

No. 1 requires 3yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 3yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 1 1/2yds., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

A VAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: G.P.O., Adelaide, Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne, Box 4810, G.P.O., Perth, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, Box 4059, G.P.O., Brisbane, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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Pattern Coupon, 27/3/43.

Fashion Frock Service

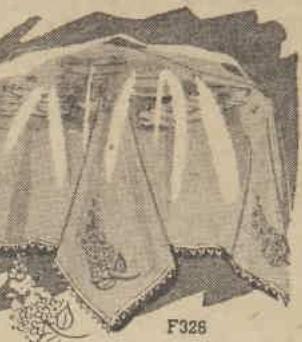
"ALISON" shirtmaker frock in eyelet linene.

HERE is a crisply-cool frock fashioned of eyelet linene. The tailored top of the frock features a turnback collar, short, well-extended sleeves and button front. Most interesting is the unusual waistband fitting the hips, and the skirt falling softly into folds from the low waistline. "ALISON" is interpreted in shades of lemon, pink, blue, green, and white.

READY TO WEAR: Sizes, 22 and 24, 36ins. wide, 42ins. (12 cups), and 1 1/8yds. postage, 36, 38, and 40-inch busts, 49/11 (13 cups), 1 1/8yds. postage.

CUT OUT ONLY: Sizes, 22 and 24-inch busts, 28/11 (13 cups), and 11 1/4d. postage, 36, 38, and 40-inch busts, 38/6 (13 cups), and 11 1/4d. postage.

How to obtain "ALISON." In N.E.W. South Wales postage is required amount and postage to New South Wales. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

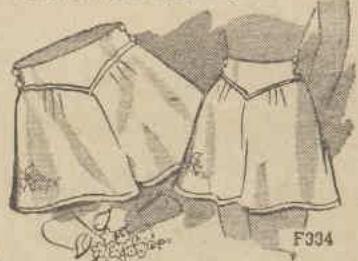


• Every home should have one of these charming as well as necessary items, shown above, ready for immediate use.

THIS ready-to-embroider throw-over comes to you in the loveliest shades of lemon, green, pink, and blue. White is also available from our Needlework Department.

The cloth measures 36 x 36 inches, and carries a delightful motif on each corner. The edges may be hemmed or finished with crochet or lace.

When ordering, please ask for No. F326. Price, 3/11, plus 4d. postage.



TRACED clearly on a well-wearing rayon crepe-de-chine, or on a heavyweight satin these scanties (No. F334) are available in sizes 36in. to 40in. hips.

Ready to cut and sew.—In satin: In shades of magnolia, salmon, pink, and blue, also white. Price, 9/11, plus 6d. postage, and 4 coupons.

In rayon crepe-de-chine: White, pink, and blue. Price, 6/11, plus 6d. postage, and 4 coupons. A paper pattern of these panties can be had for 1/4.

BELLOW is illustrated a very attractively-designed frock for the 2 to 8-year-olds.

The pattern is clearly traced on to the material, all in readiness for you to cut out and run up on the machine.

The chosen material is a good quality floral cotton in varied shades of blues, pinks, and greens on white backgrounds.

Size 2 to 4 years, price, 5/11, and 4 coupons. Size 4 to 6 years, 6/11, and 5 coupons, and size 6 to 8 years, 7/11, and 5 coupons. Plus 4d. postage.

Paper pattern only can be had for 1/4.

Please ask for No. F329 when ordering.



F329

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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FILM STAR. Well-known film star, Joe E. Brown, at cocktail party given him by Columbia Pictures with The Australian Women's Weekly film critic, Peg McCartney (left), and Sunday Telegraph film critic, Josephine O'Neill.



FOR RUSSIAN MEDICAL AID. Madame Tamara and M. Boris Petroff, who will sing some of the new Soviet songs at the Cabaret Ball at the State Ballroom on March 27, arranged by Russian Section of Russian Medical Aid Committee.



V.C.'S COUSIN. Sergeant C. B. Cutler, A.I.F. (who is a first cousin to Lieut. "Ro" Cutler, V.C.), and his bride, formerly Corporal Dorothy Pascoe, A.W.A.S., after their wedding at Methodist Church, Orange. Bridesmaid is V.A.D. Joan Kemp, and best man is Sergeant John Edge, A.I.F.

Heard Around TOWN

LETTERS from Myra O'Neill, Australian lyric soprano in England, tell of her work in the voluntary musical section of the Y.W.C.A.

She tells of her travels throughout England in a Ford caravan when she, a driver, and five other musicians visited the small outlying camps which were not visited by the larger entertainment units.

Miss O'Neill, who was all through the blitz in London, is also actively interested in the entertainment activities of the Boomerang Club at Australia House.

SMALL family party to celebrate announcement of engagement of Marjorie Butcher and Sergeant John Foster, A.I.F.

Marjorie, who is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Butcher, of Maroubra Bay, wears diamond solitaire on third finger. John is the only son of Mrs. M. Foster, of Bondi.



AFTER WEDDING. Lieut. John Norris, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Betty Evans, after their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

AS her birthday falls on St. Patrick's Day, Patricia Sheedy chooses green icing on her 21st birthday cake.

Pat, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheedy, has party to celebrate her birthday at the Dispensary Hall, Petersham.

MRS. W. L. Kerr, now quite recovered from her recent illness, is back again in her job at the Red Cross Special Appeals auxiliary.

Very proud of numbers of letters she and Dr. H. R. Greenwell have received from servicemen thanking them for the cigarette lighters they collected in a recent appeal.



A.W.W. SERVICEWOMEN'S CLUB CUP. A.s.o. Tait and A.s.o. M. Kay congratulate Bradfield relay team, winner of The Australian Women's Weekly Servicewomen's Club Cup at the W.A.A.F. swimming carnival at North Sydney Olympic Pool. Team (from left) are: Aircraftwomen J. Horne, J. Taylor, J. S. Greene, R. Yorke, E. Paul, and Corporal Coral Scott.

On and off DUTY.

I GO along to the airport to see Hollywood film star, Joe E. Brown, arrive in Australia on his tour of entertainment for the troops. Find he is shorter than I imagined, very kindly and quiet, with his enormous grin, so well known to film fans, enhanced by the whitest teeth I have ever seen.

Has wonderful way with his fans. He smilingly signs his first autograph in Australia for the waitress at the airport canteen.

When a youngster is brought up round-eyed to meet him, Joe E. wins his heart by putting his arm round him, and saying: "Hello, son, are you going to have your picture taken with me?"

At cocktail party at Usher's given for the star by Columbia Pictures, I see Office of War Information Radio Director, Leith Stevens, discussing broadcasts with him. Leith himself comes from Hollywood, and has plenty to talk over with Joe E.

DIAMOND ring for Norma Sharratt when she announces her engagement to Colin Potts at party at Romano's. Norma is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Sharratt, of Campsie and Colin is the fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Potts, of Vaucluse.



WAR ARTISTS' EXHIBITION. At Education Galleries, Mr. Sydney Ure Smith, Mrs. Reg. Bevington, and Mrs. Gregory Blaxland with Lieut. F. C. Hinder's pencil sketch, "Skimming Nets," which was first sold in War Artists' Exhibition for the Red Cross.

FIRST all-uniform wedding to be held at St. John's Church, Canberra, is that of Pte. Betty Bartholomew, A.W.A.S., and Able-Seaman Leslie Martin, R.A.N.

The Aways of the Royal Military College form a guard of honor as Able-Seaman Martin and his bride leave the church.

The bridegroom, who follows Navy tradition by wearing a white bow pinned to his uniform, is attended by Ordinary Seaman Louis Lyons, M.N., and L.c.e. Bill Forde, R.A.A.F.

Reception is held at the "Y.Y." Hospital Centre.

ENERGETIC members of the Young Chinese Relief Movement are working hard for their annual Dragon Festival Ball, which will take place at the Town Hall on June 26.

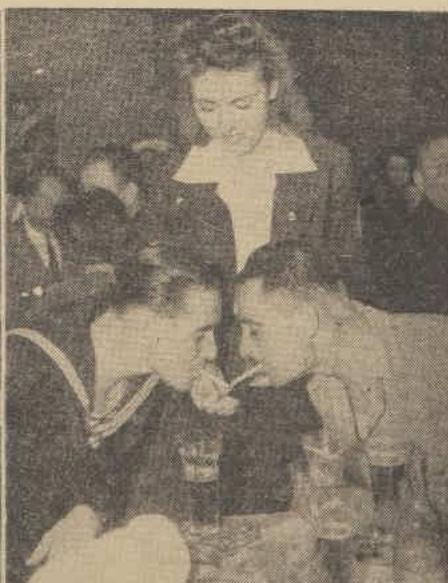
Mrs. Hsu Mo, wife of the Chinese Minister to Australia, is patroness, and entire proceeds go to Honan Famine Relief and Madame Chiang Kai-shek's "Warphan" appeal.

Mrs. A. Lumbeke, Mrs. W. Ma, and Mrs. W. H. Wong head women's committee.

Betty



BACKSTAGE. Telegraphist C. Leavold helps Peggy Sager tie her ballet shoe, while Strelza Heckelman rests between scenes. At Conservatorium during Kirov's ballet season for Legacy Club Appeal.



AT NEDERLANDS CLUB. Hostess Connie Appelgard watches while Dutch seaman E. Roersma gets a light from Sergeant Jim Watson's cigarette at Nederlands Club.

Knitwear for 1943

• Eight pages of smart, new, serviceable designs with complete directions for making.

Selected for you by EVE GYE, Editor of our Homemaker department

ACCORDING to reliable information from the knitting mills there will be no shortage of yarn this year for civilian needs.

I am told that huge stocks of the thick yarns such as Bonny Sports and blanket, manufactured specially for quick-knits, have been built up in anticipation of the heavy demand by knitting enthusiasts.

Our cover-designs feature the soft, cosy yarn, likewise the smart jackets for the slim and not-so-slim. It comes in a lovely range of colors.

The stockings, a feature of the three-piece set illustrated on this page, will simply thrill the hearts of countless readers.

And to please those who crochet we present a really snappy cap, cravat, and glove set on page 26.

Three-piece set

ONLY four coupons are needed for the making of this cosy set, comprising gloves, scarf, and stockings as illustrated.

Materials: 8oz of Patons Super Scotch Fingering 3-ply for the set; 11oz for scarf; 11oz for gloves; 8oz for stockings. Steel needles—two No. 14, two No. 16.

Measurements: Gloves: Width across hand, 3ins. Scarf: Length, 31ins; width, 6ins. Stockings: Top to lower edge of heel, 29ins; length of foot, 9ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog, together; sl, stitch; inc, increase (by working into back as well as front of st before slipping it off needle); dec, decrease (by taking 2 sts tog); mls, moss-stitch; st-st, stocking-stitch (i.e., 1 row plain, 1 row pur); rep, repeat; rem, remain; s, slip. Instructions in brackets must be worked the number of times quoted after the second bracket, or until stated number of stitches remain.

RIGHT-HAND GLOVE

With No. 16 needles, begin at lower edge, casting on 61 sts.

A PAIR of knitting needles, some wool, and farewell to stocking problems! Gloves and scarf complete the ensemble. In royal-blue, wood - brown, oatmeal, lupin or navy - blue, they'll be as smart as the original carnation-red, and oh, so warm when chilly winds blow.

2nd Row: P 13, work in pattern to end

3rd Row: Work in pattern to last 13 sts, k 13.

4th Row: P 13, work in pattern to end

5th Row: Work in pattern to last 13 sts, p 13.

6th Row: K 13, work in pattern to end

Continue in pattern, working the 13 sts at centre front in yoke pattern, and when work measures 12ins, work yoke pattern across all sts. When work measures 12ins, cast off 4 sts at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog, at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 4ins, cast off 12 sts at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog, at neck edge of the next 8 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7ins, shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end, and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. from lower edge, and 5 more 21ins apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work 2 sts, cast off 3 sts, work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 2 sts, cast on 3 sts, work 2 sts.

Continued on page 26

1st Row: K 4 (p 1, k 3) till 1 rem, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1 (p 3, k 1) to end. Rep. these 2 rows 17 times. Change to No. 14 needles. Work 2 rows in rib. Now begin inc. for thumb:

39th Row: K 1 (k 3, p 1) 8 times, inc. 1, inc. 7 to end

40th Row: (K 1, p 3) 6 times, k 1, p 5, rib to end

41st Row: K 1 (k 3, p 1) 8 times, k 5, rib to end

42nd Row: As 40th row

43rd Row: Rib 33, inc. 1, p 1, k 1, inc. rib 2.

Next 3 Rows: Work in rib.

47th Row: Rib 33, inc. 1, p 1, k 2 inc. rib 2.

48th Row: Rib 25, p 4, k 1, p 4, rib 2.

49th Row: Rib 33, k 4, p 1, k 4, rib 2.

50th Row: As 48th row

Continued on page 28

UNUSUAL yoke and sleeve treatment a feature of this cosy and beautiful cardigan. Five coupons required for the wool.

How to make the

RED CARDIGAN

(ILLUSTRATED ABOVE)

MATERIALS Required: 10 skeins (short sleeves), 13 skeins (long sleeves) "Sunbeam" Brigade 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 191/2ins; bust, 33-34ins; length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; m, make; sl, slip; p.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; d.c., double-crochet.

Tension: Six sts. lin.; 7 rows, lin.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of K 1, p 1, for 31ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 19th st. (101 sts.).

1st Row: P 2, * k 1, m 1, k 1, p 1, repeat from * to last 4 sts, k 1. m 1, k 1, p 1.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts, p 3, k 2.

3rd Row: P 2, * sl 1, k 2, then p.s.o. the k 2, p 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts, sl 1, k 2, then p.s.o. the k 2, p 2.

4th Row: K 2, * p 2, k 3, repeat from * to last 4 sts, p 2, k 2.

Repeat the last 4 rows and when work measures 12ins, work 4 rows st-at and 2 rows reverse st-at, alternately, across all sts, at the same time when work measures 12ins, shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog, each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7ins, shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 54 sts. Work in rib of K 1, p 1, for 31ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 10th st. (59 sts.)

1st Row: Work in bell pattern to last 13 sts, k 13.





KEEPS YOU FIT

To be healthy, you must keep free from constipation. NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant-tasting laxative, relieves constipation overnight. FIGSEN acts gently, yet thoroughly—no pain—no stomach upsets. NYAL FIGSEN is sold only by qualified chemists—1/3 a bottle.

NYAL FIGSEN
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



-the original and best modelling material



Would you like to knit this inexpensive "all occasions" jumper, in a simple, wide-ribbed pattern, and featuring a clever new neckline? Look in the Sun-Glo Knitting Book Series 49 (7d. everywhere or 8½d. posted), for full and clear instructions. Other Sun-Glo Knitting Books illustrate and tell you how to knit over 100 practical designs for jumpers, cardigans, etc. Send coupon for FREE booklet showing all these designs.

The jumper illustrated is knitted with SUNBEAM CROCHET WOOL, soft as down, long-lasting and easy to wash.

★ A REQUEST: If your retailer sometimes cannot immediately supply you with certain shades, please remember that the bulk of our production goes to the men in the fighting lines. We know you will understand that their needs are greater and more urgent.

A SUN-GLO Product

SUNBEAM
Crochet Wool

1943 STYLE GUIDE FREE

Alexandria Spinning Mills,
Dept. All 18 Grosvenor St., Sydney.
Please send me your new "Sun-Glo Style Guide"
showing 1943 fashions in hand-knit wear.

Name.....
Address.....
Please write name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney
Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laine and Bruce Ltd., all States.



Be cosy and smart in these!

COVER designs: Both swift-knits, both well worth the immediate surrender of precious coupons for the wool.

The Slipover

MATERIALS: Paton's Bonny sports wool. Quantity: 10oz. Knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 6.

MEASUREMENTS: Length from top of shoulder, 21ins. Width, all round at underarm, 34ins.

TENSION: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 48 stitches to the inch in width.

THE FRONT

Using the No. 3 needles, cast on 63 stitches.

1st Row: * K 3, p 1; repeat from * to the last 3 stitches, k 3.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 3; repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, p 1, k 1. Repeat these 2 rows fifteen times.

Continue working in pattern, increasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 6th row until there are 75 stitches on the needle.

Work 3 rows in pattern without shaping.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows; then decrease once at each end of the needle in every row 4 times, decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 47 stitches remain. Continue in pattern without shaping until the work

measures 16 inches from the commencement.

In the next row work 19 stitches in pattern, cast off 9 stitches, work in pattern to the end of the row.

Work on the last 19 stitches as follows: Decrease once at the neck edge in every alternate row until 9 stitches remain. Work 1 row without shaping.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work in pattern to the last 3 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to the last 6 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row.

Cast off. Join in the wool at the neck edge, and work to correspond with the other side.

THE BACK

Work from ** to ** as given for the front. Continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 19 inches from the commencement.

In the next row, k 14, cast off 19 stitches, work in pattern to the end of the row. Work on the last 14 stitches as follows:

Decrease once at the neck edge in every row until 9 stitches remain. Work 1 row without shaping.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work in pattern to the last 3 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to the last 6 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row.

Cast off. Join in the wool at the neck edge, and work to correspond with the other side.

THE NECKBAND

Sew up the left shoulder seam.

Using the No. 3 needles, and with the right side of the work facing, knit up 112 stitches evenly round the neck.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1; repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row five times. Cast off in rib.

THE ARMOHOLE BANDS

Sew up the right shoulder seam. Using the No. 3 needles, and with the right side of the work facing, knit up 112 stitches evenly round the armhole.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1; repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row five times. Cast off in rib. Work the other armhole band in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP THE SLIP-OVER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side seams.

Red cardigan

Continued from page 25

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 11ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work 4 rows st-st, and 2 rows reverse st-st, alternately, increasing 1 st. each end every 4th row until increased to 84 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5ins. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 26 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 54 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in yoke pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 84 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19ins. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 26 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 11 needles, pick up k about 112 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 1in. Cast off in ribbing.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 9 needles cast on 20 sts. Work 20 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew in shoulder-pads. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front. Sew buttons on left front and press stud at neck edge.

"Camel" Jumper

MATERIALS: Paton's Bonny sports wool, yellow (A), 10oz.; Paton's super Scotch fingering wool, 4-ply, beige (B) 1oz., brown (C) 1oz.; knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 3, 5, 11, and 12.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in.; width all round at underarm, 32in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 18in.

Tension: Paton's Bonny sports wool, 34 stitches and 5 rows to 1in. with No. 3 needles. Paton's super Scotch fingering, 4-ply, 8 stitches and 10 rows to 1in. with No. 11 needles.

When working Fair Isle be sure to weave the woollens on the wrong side of the work—do not pull loops across.

FRONT

With No. 5 needles and (A) wool cast on 44 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat 1st row for 3ins.

Change to No. 3 needles and continue in st-st, increase one st. each end of needle on 7th and every following 6th row to 54 sts. on needle.

Continue even until work measures 12in. from beginning ending with p. row.

To shape armholes: Cast off 2 sts. beginning next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of needle on next and every following row to 42 sts. on needle, ending with p. row.

Next Row: K. Cast off purlways.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front.

SLEEVES

With No. 5 needles and (A) wool cast on 30 sts.

Work 2in. ribbing (k 1, p 1).



HERE THEY ARE AGAIN—our cover girls wearing two of the new, thick woollies. Slipover requires 3 coupons; camel jumper, 5 coupons.

Change to No. 3 needles and continue in st-st, increasing 1 st. each end of needle on 7th and every following 6th row to 44 sts. on needle. Continue even until sleeve measures 18in. from beginning, or desired length, ending with p. row.

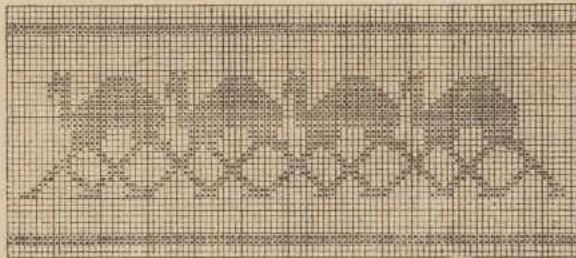
To shape cap: Dec. 1 st. each end of needle every alternate row to 16 sts. on needle, ending with k. row.

Next Row: P. Cast off purlways.

Work 4in. even in st-st, ending with p. row. Leave these 11 sts. on stitch-holder.

Work 2nd sleeve to correspond. Knit back 5 sts. This is the centre of shoulder.

Continued on page 34



THIS CHART is given to help you with the working of the camels that march so snappily across the yoke of the fetching yellow jumper featured above, and on our cover. See instructions for camel insertion.

CLEMENTS TONIC

-the Proven Restorative that invigorates the System and tones up tired Nerves

Buy War Savings Certificates

N.S.W./42

SWIFT-KNIT JACKET

• You knit it with big stitches from blanket wool and wear it with your summer frocks on cool autumn days (note illustration below) and, of course, right through winter.

FOR popularity there is nothing to equal the swift-knit, cosy blanket wool jacket.

Last year we were forced to repeat directions for the basket-weave design featured in our special knitting issue for 1942.

This jacket, pictured below, is a much smarter design. You'll love it.

Note other smart colors from which it can be fashioned.

Materials Required: 8 skeins (short sleeves), 10 skeins (long sleeves). Sunbeam or Wilga blanket wool shade No. 2137 (vieux-rose); 1 pair No. 3 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 23½ ins. Bust, 32–34 ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5 ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 7 sts. 2 in.; 10 rows, 3 ins.

BACK

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 62 sts. P into back of sts.

1st Row: P 2 * (k 2 tog., then k again into the 1st of these 2 sts. and sl. both off left hand needle), 5 times, p 2. Repeat from * to end.

2nd Row:

3rd Row: P 2, * k 1 (k 2 tog., and k again into the 1st of these 2 sts. and sl. both off left hand needle), 4 times, p 2. Repeat from * to end.

4th Row: P. Repeat last 4 rows and when work measures 15 ins., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows. When armholes measure 7 ins., shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 38

sts. P into back of sts. Work in pattern for 15 ins., then cast off 4 sts. at armpit edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armpit edge every row 4 times. When armpit measures 5 ins., cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 16 sts. When armpit measures 7 ins., shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armpit edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 38 sts. P into back of sts. Work in pattern increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 48 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5 ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 36 sts. When work measures 6 ins. from 1st decrease, cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Work remaining sts. in pattern for 2 ins. Cast off. Stitch the cast off side to side of sts. worked for 2 ins.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 38 sts. P into back of sts. Work in pattern for 2 ins., then increase 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 48 sts. When sleeve seam measures 12 ins. or required length, shape the top the same as for short sleeve.

SHOULDER PADS

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 16 sts. Work 16 rows, st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool and sew up edge.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves and shoulder pads. Work 2 rows of d.c. down each front, around neck, lower edge of coat and sleeves.



Cross-stitch embroidery gives zip to this . . .

SLIM-FITTING JUMPER

SPECIALLY designed for sizes 36 and 37, it's both smart and dignified—note picture above.

Five coupons will be required for the wool; scraps of gay wools can be used for the embroidery.

Here are the directions:

Materials Required: Patons and Baldwins Aran crochet and knitting wool, 9 oz.; small quantities of 3 contrasting shades; knitting needles, 1 pair each of Nos. 9 and 12; 1 button.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 21 ins.; width all around at underarm, 36–37½ ins.; length of sleeve underarm, 18 ins.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in. measured on plain, smooth fabric.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 126 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * k 1 into back of st., p 1. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

Repeat this row for 3 ins., change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st., increasing once at each end of needle in 11th and every following 10th row until there are 136 sts. on needle, continue without shaping until work measures 13 ins. from commencement.

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 103 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 17 ins. from commencement, ending with wrong side.

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 104 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins. Unmeasured on straight.

Shape for shoulders as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 9 sts. turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 18 sts. turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 27 sts. turn.

7th and 8th Rows: Work to last 35 sts. turn.

9th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 126 sts. and work as for back for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K 32, p 1 (k 1 into back of st., p 1) 9 times, k 25, p 1 (k 1 into back of st., p 1) 9 times, k 30, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: K 1, p 31, k 1 into back of st. (p 1, k 1 into back) 9 times, p 25, k 1 into back (p 1, k 1 into back) 9 times, p 31, k 1.

Repeat these 2 rows, inc. once at each end of needle in 11th and every following 10th rows until there are 137 sts. on needle, continue until work measures same as back.

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 103 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 17 ins. from commencement, ending with wrong side.

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 104 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins. Unmeasured on straight.

Shape for shoulders as follows:

Continued on page 28



WE SHOW this beautifully designed jumper in vieux-rose, but consider how effective it would look in saxe-blue (2103), emerald-green (2205), maize (2195), red (2238) or royal-blue (2101). Four coupons for short sleeves, five for long sleeve.

Three-piece set

51st Row: Rib 23, inc., k 3, p 1, k 3, inc, rib 25.
 52nd Row: Rib 25, p 5, k 1, p 5, k 3, twice.
 53rd Row: Rib 33, k 5, p 1, k 5, rib 25.
 54th Row: As 52nd Row.
 55th Row: Rib 33, inc., k 4, p 1, k 4, inc, rib 25.
 56th Row: Rib 25, p 6, k 1, p 6, rib 33.
 57th Row: Rib 33, k 6, p 1, k 6, rib 25.
 58th Row: As 56th row.
 59th Row: Rib 33, inc., k 1, p 1, k 3, twice, k 1, p 1, k 1, inc, rib 25.
 Next 3 Rows: Work in rib.
 63rd Row: Rib 33, inc., k 2 (p 1, k 3) twice, p 1, k 2, inc, rib 25.
 64th Row: Rib 25, p 4 (k 1, p 3) twice, k 1, p 4, rib 33.
 65th Row: Rib 33, k 4 (p 1, k 3) twice, p 1, k 4, rib 25.

Continued from page 25

66th Row: As 64th row.
 67th Row: Rib 33, inc., k 3 (p 1, k 3) 3 times, inc, rib 25.
 68th Row: Rib 25, p 5 (k 1, p 3) twice, k 1, p 5, rib 25.
 69th Row: Rib 33, k 5 (p 1, k 5) twice, p 1, k 5, rib 25.
 70th Row: As 68th row.
 71st Row: Rib 33, inc., k 4, p 1, k 3, twice, p 1, k 4, inc, rib 25.
 72nd Row: Rib 25, p 6 (k 1, p 3) twice, k 1, p 6, rib 33.
 73rd Row: Rib 33, k 6 (p 1, k 3) twice, p 1, k 6, rib 25.
 74th Row: As 72nd row.
 75th Row: Rib 33, k 2, p 1 (k 3, p 1) 4 times, k 2, turn; cast on 2 (k 1, p 3) 5 times, k 1, p 2, turn.

Next Row: Cast on 2, rib 25. "Work in rib on these 25 sts, for length required for thumb, ending on wrong side."

Next Row: K 1 (k 2 tog.) to end.

Break off wool leaving end, slip sts on to wool, draw up top. Sew up thumb. With right side of glove facing, join on wool again at the end of sts, on right-hand needle, pick up and k 3 sts at base of thumb, rib to end of row (61 sts). Work 23 rows in rib. Now begin fingers.

First Finger: Work 39 sts in rib, p 1 remaining 22 sts on to a piece of wool, turn; cast on 2, work 19 sts in rib, slip remaining 22 sts on to a piece of wool, turn.

Next Row: Cast on 2, work in rib. Work in rib for 23ins, or length required, ending on wrong side.

Next Row: K 1 (k 2 tog.) to end.

Break off wool, leaving end, slip sts on to wool. Sew up thumb.

Second Finger: With right side of work facing, join on wool, pick up and k 5 sts, at base of last finger, work 7 sts in rib from wool, turn.

Next Row: Cast on 2, work 14 sts in rib, then work the next 7 sts in rib from wool, turn.

Next Row: Cast on 2, work in rib. Continue in rib for 23ins, or length required, ending on wrong side.

Next Row: K 1 (k 2 tog.) to end. Next Row: (P 2 tog.) to end. Finish as for first finger.

Third Finger: With right side of work facing, join on wool, pick up and k 3 sts, at base of last finger, work 8 sts in rib from wool, turn.

Next Row: Cast on 2, work 13 sts in rib, then work the next 8 sts in rib from wool, turn.

Continued on page 29.

GRACE BROS.

ME101.W.W.



PRICE 22/11
13 Coupons

ME102.W.W.



ME102.W.W.
PRICE 30/-
13 Coupons

Mail Orders Supplied

ME103.W.W.



ME103.W.W. SOFT ALL WOOL JERSEY CREPE FROCK. Cut and designed to suit the fuller figure type. Soft fullness over bust line. Gored skirt and belt with soft bow. In Black, Navy, Arcadian Blue, Brown.
SIZES: W., SOS., OS., XOS., XXOS., XXXOS.

35/-

13 Coupons

ME104.W.W.



ME104.W.W. FROCK OF BRITISH "SPAR-VALANE" (the guaranteed, wool-like Rayon). Bodice embroidered in flemings to suit. V neck and fullness over bust line. Two pressed pleats from gores in skirt. Shaded: Deep Rust, Wine, Navy, Black.
SIZES: W., SOS., OS., XOS., XXOS., XXXOS.

45/-

13 Coupons

When Ordering Please Make Second Choice

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.
BROADWAY, SYDNEY. P.O. BOX 42 BROADWAY



Switch to sweaters

• Thick wool is used for this smart, button-down-the-front jacket sweater (illustrated above). Fits snugly at waist. Ideal for general wear. Easy to knit.

MATERIALS: 12oz. Paton's "Bonny" sports wool; 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 6 needles; 1 crochet hook; 6 buttons.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to last st., k 1.

Repeat these 2 rows four times.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm, 34ins.; length from top of shoulder, 21ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 5ins.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 4 sts. to the inch in width.

THE BACK

Using the No. 3 needles, cast on 67 sts. The pattern is worked thus:

1st Row: K 1, * p 5, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

2nd Row: K 6, * p 1, k 5, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Working in pattern, decreasing once at each end of the needle in the 9th and every following 4th row, until there are 57 sts. on the needle.

Work 1 row. Change to No. 6 needles and work in rib as follows:

When work measures 14ins. from the commencement, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row until 45 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern until armhole measures 7ins. from the 5 cast off sts. Proceed as follows:

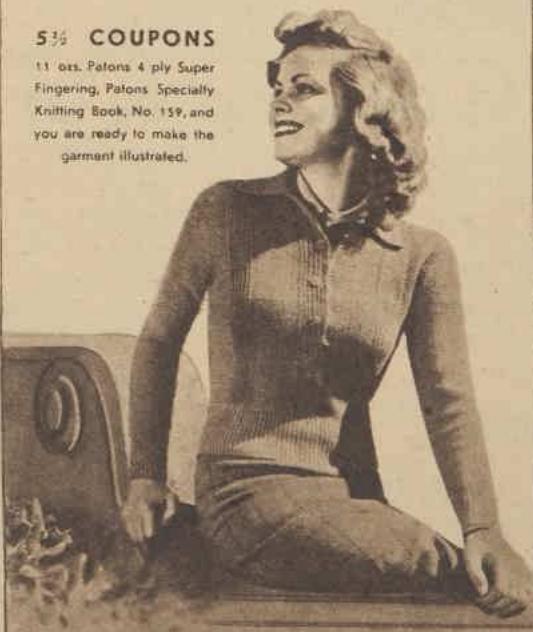
Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows and 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

Continued on page 37

PATONS WOOLS ... for coupons' sake

5½ COUPONS

11 ozs. Patons 4-ply Super Fingering, Patons Specialty Knitting Book, No. 159, and you are ready to make the garment illustrated.



PATONS & BALDWINS LIMITED

DEPT. 3, BOX 1606 M, MELBOURNE, or BOX 3718 SS, SYDNEY

GLOVES... CRAVAT... BEANIE

• This cosy set will give snap and sparkle to last year's outfit. It's in crochet.

HERE are the directions for the gloves:

MATERIALS required: Two skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2108 (brown). A small quantity of shade No. 2185 (maize). 1 bone crochet hook, No. 6.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet.

Always work 2 ch. to turn each row, counting as 1 tr., and take up the 2 threads.

Crochet 50 ch., work 1 tr. in each loop of ch. to end of row. Repeat last row twice.

Next Row: 36 tr., sl-st. to next tr., 14 ch., turn.

Next Row: Tr. to end. Repeat 1st row twice, turn.

Next Row: 36 tr., sl-st. to next tr., 16 ch., turn.

Work 2 rows tr.

Next Row: 38 tr., 14 ch. for gauntlet opening, turn, work tr., to base of middle finger, 14 ch., turn.

Next Row: 14 tr. into ch. and work to end of gauntlet.

Work 2 rows tr.

Next Row: 30 tr., sl-st. to next tr., 12 ch., turn.

Next Row: 12 tr., then work 2 tr. and 1 d.c. on to gauntlet, turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c., then 14 tr. to tip of thumb, turn.

Next Row: 17 tr., 1 d.c., turn, work 1 d.c., then tr. to end, turn.

Next Row: 20 tr., 1 d.c., turn; 1 d.c., then tr. to end, turn.

Next Row: 23 tr., 1 d.c., turn; 1 d.c., then tr. to end, turn.

Work 1 row tr.

Next Row: 30 tr., 22 ch., turn, tr. to end.

Work 2 rows tr.

Next Row: 36 tr., 16 ch., turn, tr. to end.

Work 2 rows tr.

Next Row: 38 tr., 14 ch., turn, tr. to end.

Work 2 rows tr.

Next Row: 35 tr., 12 ch., turn, tr. to end.

Work 2 rows tr.

Fasten off. Work the other glove to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Sew around each finger with maize wool and work 3 rows of chain-st. on back. Crochet a covering for button and pad with cotton-wool. Sew on gloves. Using brown wool work 3 rows of gathering at wrist on front of gloves.

The Cravat

MATERIALS required: One skein each "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shades Nos. 2108 (brown) and 2185 (maize); 1 bone crochet hook, No. 6.

Measurements: Length, 36ins.



THIS crochet set will take but three of your coupons.

Abbreviations: Tr., treble; ch., chain.

Crochet 50 ch., turn, work 1 tr. into each st.

Next Row: Miss the 1st st. and work tr. to end.

Repeat last row until decreased to 28 tr. Continue without decreasing until work measures 36ins. Change to maize wool and work in tr. to correspond with brown, then

Three-piece set

Continued from page 28

NEXT ROW: Cast on 2, work in rib. Continue in rib for 21ins. or length required, ending on wrong side. Finish as for last finger.

Fourth Finger: With right side of work facing, join on wool, pick up and k 3 sts. at base of last finger, work next 7 sts. in rib from wool, turn.

Next Row: Work 10 sts. in rib, then work remaining 7 sts. in rib, turn. Work in rib for 21ins. or length required, ending on wrong side. Finish as for first finger.

Sew up side of glove. Press lightly on wrong side.

Left-hand Glove: Work as for right-hand glove till the 39th row is reached.

39th Row: K 1 (k 3, p 1) 6 times, inc. k 1, inc. rib to end.

40th Row: (K 1, p 3) 8 times, k 1, p 5, rib to end.

41st Row: K 1 (k 3, p 1) 6 times, k 5, rib to end.

42nd Row: As 40th row.

Repeat from 43rd to 74th row inclusive in right-hand glove, but working each row backwards. The 43rd row would read thus: Rib 25, inc. k 1, p 1, k 1, inc. rib 33.

75th Row: Rib 25, k 2, p 1 (k 3, p 1) 4 times, k 2, turn; cast on 2 (k 1, p 3) 5 times, k 1, p 2, turn.

increase 1 tr. every row until increased to 50 tr. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth.

The Beanie

MATERIALS required: One skein each of "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shades Nos. 2108 (brown) and 2185 (maize); 1 bone crochet hook, No. 6.

Measurements: Around head, 21ins.

Abbreviations: D.C., double crochet; ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch.

Crochet 5 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring. Work 8 d.c. into ring.

Next Round: Work 2 d.c. into each d.c. of previous round.

Next Round: 1 d.c. into next d.c. 2 d.c. into next d.c., repeat from * to end.

Next Round: Work twice into every 4th d.c. of round.

Continue to increase about 6 or 8 sts. every round so that work will keep flat. When work measures 6ins. in diameter, change to maize wool and work 2 rounds without increasing. Now decrease about 6 sts. every round until work measures 21ins. or required head measurement. When 14ins. of maize have been worked, change to brown wool and continue in d.c. for 1in. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Using maize wool, crochet a chain and sew on top.

Thanks Mrs. Wilson!



Mrs. Wilson is giving her Vegemite to the fighting forces

When you go without your Vegemite, you are helping Australia's War Effort. It seems strange, doesn't it? But here's how it happens. Most of the Vegemite we can make is needed for our fighting men. As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B₁, B₂, and P.P. (the anti-pellagra factor). That is why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas—these three vitamins are essential to physical fitness. So remember, that until we have won this war, stocks of Vegemite will be limited. All the Vegemite we can spare is going to the troops. And in helping them, you're helping Australia to victory.



VEGEMITE

Instant First Aid



The pain and crippling that follow a neglected foot blister can be prevented by the timely application of an 'Elastoplast' Wound Dressing. Clean the affected part, strip protective muslin from the dressing, apply antiseptic pad, and press down the adhesive.

'Elastoplast' being elastic, stretches with the skin yet keeps in place until the wound is healed.

Never neglect small injuries—use 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings. Sold by all Chemists in unmistakable RED tins.

There is an 'Elastoplast' dressing for every minor injury. Your Chemist will tell you which one you need.



IN RED TINS

① Remove protective muslin.
② Place antiseptic pad on wound.
③ Press down elastic adhesive.

Elastoplast First Aid

TRADE MARK
MADE IN ENGLAND

STRAINS and similar injuries derive immediate support from the 'Elastoplast' Adhesive Bandage.

Permanently Yours
Eugene

Eternity ring for her lovely hands



Do your hands invite an engagement ring? Or are they dull, coarse and rough? You can make your hands soft, smooth, carefree. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Pond's Hand Lotion is silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy. It is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

Tailored cardigan

• It's the Perfect partner for Autumn frock or winter skirt
Do make it.

THIS easy-to-knit, perfectly fitting cardigan looks good, feels warm, and gives you real scope for using your color sense.

If you are the out-of-doors type you'll like it in white bordered with scarlet, or tangerine with jade, or, maybe, cherry with jade.

If you're smartly sophisticated you'll team up buttercup-yellow with navy, or duck-egg blue with black.

If you're betwixt and between, how about green with coffee, coral with plum, or—prettiest of all— dove-grey with primula-pink?

Choose quickly and get busy! Here are the directions:

Materials Required: 8oz light and low dark Patons Super Scotch Fingering 3-ply; 2 knitting needles, No. 10; 4 buttons.

Tension: About 8 sts. to 1in. in width; 10 rows to 1in. in depth, after light pressing.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust. Shoulder to lower edge, 21ins.; sleeve seam, 18ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts, stitches; rep, repeat; rem, remain; tog, together; beg, beginning; inc, increase (by working into front, then into back of stitch before slipping it off needle); dec, decrease (by taking 2 sts tog); ms, moss-stitch (k 1, p 1 to end of row, always commencing next row with same kind of st as last row finished); instructions in brackets should be repeated the number of times stated immediately after, or until the stated number of sts. remain; d, dark; l, light.

Always work into back of each cast-on stitch.

BACK

With d, begin at lower edge, casting on 109 sts. Work 11 rows ms.

Next Row: Ms. till 1 rem, inc. Break off d, join on l and k 1 row. Now begin the ribbing.

1st Rib Row: P 5 (k 2, p 5) to end. 2nd Rib Row: K 5 (p 2, k 5) to end. Rep. these 2 rows till work measures 21ins. Continue in rib, dec 1 st. at beg, and end of next row and every 8th row after until 96 sts. rem., then work without shaping until back measures 7ins.

Now inc. 1 st. at beg and end of next row, and every 4th row after until there are 128 sts. on needle, then continue without shaping until back measures 14ins. Shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beg of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at beg and end of next and each alternate row until 94 sts. rem.

Continue without shaping till back measures 20½ins. Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows and then 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

POCKET LININGS

(Three alike)

With l, cast on 28 sts. Work in rib of k 5, p 2 for 4 ins. Leave on spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

With d, begin at lower edge, casting on 55 sts. Work 3 rows ms.

4th Row: Ms. till 1 rem, inc.

5th Row: Ms. to end. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times more, then rep. 5th row again.

13th Row: Work 9 ms., slip these on to safety-pin for border, leave d. join on l and k 50. Now begin the ribbing.

1st Rib Row: (P 5, k 2) till 1 rem, p 1.

2nd Row: Inc. (p 2, k 5) to end.

3rd Row: (P 5, k 2) till 2 rem, p 2.

4th Row: K 2 (p 2, k 5) to end.

5th Row: Rib till 1 rem, inc.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end.

8th Row: Inc. rib to end.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end.

11th Row: Dec. rib till 1 rem, inc.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end. Rep. 8th row.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end. Rep. last 6 rows 3 times more.

13th Row: Dec. rib to end.

Next 5 Rows: Rib to end. Rep. last 6 rows once more, then rep. 35th row.

Next 4 Rows: Rib to end.

32nd Row: Rib 14, slip next 26 sts. on to a piece of wool for pocket top, rib across one pocket lining, then rib rem. 14 sts. of front. Continue in rib till work measures 7ins. from lower edge, then inc. 1 st. at side edge of next row and every 4th row

after until there are 70 sts. on needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 14ins., finishing at side edge. Now shape armhole.

Next Row: Cast off 5, rib to end.

Next Row: Rib to end**. Now dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and each alternate row until 61 sts. rem.

*** Dec. 1 st. at front edge of next and every following 3rd row, still dec. at armhole edge, until 47 sts. rem.

Continue dec. at front edge, but keeping armhole edge straight, until 34 sts. rem., then work 2 rows without shaping. Now shape shoulder.

Next Row: Cast off 8, rib till 2 rem, dec.

Next Row: Dec., rib to end. Rep. last 2 rows once more.

Next Row: Cast off 8, rib to end.

Next Row: Rib to end. Cast off.

BORDER

Slip border sts. on to needle, then with d work in ms. for 4ins.

Next (buttonhole) Row: Ms. 3, cast off 3, ms. 3.

Next Row: Ms. 3, cast on 3, ms. 3.

Work in ms. for 3ins**. Rep. from * to ** twice more, then work another buttonhole. Continue in ms. until border is 2ins. longer than front length. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

With d, begin at lower edge, casting on 55 sts. Work 3 rows ms.

4th Row: Inc., then ms. to end.

5th Row: Ms. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times more, then rep. 5th row again. Break off d, join on l.

13th Row: K 50, slip rem. 9 sts. on to safety-pin for border.

Now begin the ribbing.

1st Rib Row: P 1 (k 2, p 5) to end.

2nd Row: (K 5, p 2) till 1 rem, k 2.

3rd Row: Inc. rib to end.

Continued on page 31



THIS CARDIGAN features a neat tailored rib plus a contrasting moss-stitch border. Five coupons required for the wool.



NINE COUPONS are required for this cosy, maize-colored frock; ten if you want long sleeves... Like the new tassel trimming?

Snappy little frock

• Up - to - the - minute in design. Tassels lend it snap and sparkle.

DIRECTIONS are given for both long and short sleeves of this hand-knit shown left.

You are asked to use the wool specified (not necessarily colors) in order to make an exact copy of this smart little frock.

MATERIALS Required: 18 skeins (short sleeves), 20 skeins (long sleeves). "Sunbeam" crochet or super 4-ply fingering wool shade No. 2185 (maize); 1 skein each of shade No. 2134 (red) and 2156 (green); 1 pair No. 10 needles; 1 crochet hook; press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 43ins.; bust, 32-34ins.; length of sleeve seam, 5ins.; hips, 36ins.; waist, 27ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog, together; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 13 sts., 21ins.: 17 rows, 2ins.

SKIRT (BACK)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 154 sts. Work in st-st. for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Continue in st-st. and k 2 tog. each end of every 8th row until decreased to 130 sts., then every 4th row until decreased to 90 sts. When work measures 27ins. or required length, cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 214 sts. Work in st-st. for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Continue in st-st. and k 2 tog. each end of every 8th row until decreased to 192 sts.

Next Row: K 41, cast off loosely 30 sts., k 50, cast off loosely 30 sts., k 41.

Next Row: P 132. Continue in st-st. decreasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until decreased to 130 sts., then every

4th row until decreased to 90 sts. When work measures 27ins. or required length, cast off.

BODICE (BACK)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 90 sts. Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 110 sts. When work measures 8ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 sts. K into back of sts.

Next Row: P 15, p twice into each of the next 20 sts., p 15 (70 sts.).

Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until increased to 80 sts. When work measures 8ins. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 21ins. work as follows:

1st Row: K to last st., p 1. 2nd Row: K 1, p to end. 3rd Row: K to last 2 sts., p 2. 4th Row: K 2, p to end.

Continue to work 1 more st. in reverse st-st. every 2nd row until there are 12 sts. in reverse st-st.

Next Row: (Right side) K 4, (k 2 tog.) 20 times, k 11, p 13.

Next Row: K 13, p to end.

Continue to work 1 more st. in reverse st-st. every 2nd row until there are 20 sts. in reverse st-st. and 28 sts. in st-st. When armhole measures 7ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

Continued on page 31

JACKET for the MATRON

MATERIALS: Paton's Totem wool, 1 lb. 6oz; 1 pair No. 5 knitting needles; 1 medium-size crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 25ins; width all round at underarm, 42ins; length of sleeve from underarm, 18ins.

Tension: 5 sts to 1in. in width.

PATTERN

1st Row: * K 2, sl. 1, purfways, repeat from * to last 2 sts, k 2. 2nd Row: K 1, p 1, sl. 1, * p 2, sl. 1, repeat from * to last 2 sts, p 1, k 1. 3rd Row: Same as 1st row. 4th Row: Knit. These four rows complete pattern.

BACK

Cast on 113 sts, thumb method.

1st Row: K 1, p to last st, k 1.

Work in pattern until 17ins from commencement, ending at wrong side. Cast off 6 sts at beginning of next 2 rows, dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 85 sts remain.

SNAPPY LITTLE FROCK

Continued from page 30

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 68 sts. Work in st-st for 2ins. (Working 1st row into back of sts). Continue in st-st, increasing 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5ins, k 2 tog each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in st-st, for 4ins, (working 1st row into back of sts). Increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 28ins, k 2 tog each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles cast on 70 sts. Work in st-st for 11ins. Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

BELT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 18 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 28ins. K 2 tog each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off.

POCKET

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 28 sts. Work in st-st for 3ins.

Next Row: (Wrong side.) K.

Continue in st-st for 1in. Cast off.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, leaving an opening on left side and lapping right front over left front. Pleat sleeves around armholes and sew in shoulder-pads. Make 1in. hem on sleeves. Sew on collar, having shaped edge to back of neck, and stitch to within 1in. of edge of each rever. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front, revers, and collar. Work 1 row of d.c. down front of side opening and 2 rows down back of side opening. Sew plints into position on wrong side. Sew press studs down centre front, on side opening, and belt. Crochet 2 lengths of chain and sew at waist to form loops for belt. Sew pocket on skirt, working 1 row of d.c. around edge. Make 3 red and 2 green tassels, sew 3 down centre front and 2 on pockets.

- Distinctive pattern. Made from thick yarn and designed to fit sizes 40 to 42.

Continue without shaping until armhole measures 7ins. (measured on straight) Shape for shoulders as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 7 sts, turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 14 sts, turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 21 sts, turn.

7th and 8th Rows: Work to last 26 sts, turn.

9th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 62 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p to last st, k 1. Work in pattern until 8 patterns have been completed.

Next Row: (K 2, sl. 1) 5 times, and place on stitch-holder. Cast off 6

TOTEM WOOL, which is an exceptionally good and long-lasting yarn, was used to make this cleverly designed jacket. Eleven coupons required, but it will give years of smart service.

RIGHT FRONT

sts, and work in pattern to end of row.

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of every alternate row until 30 sts.

have been cast off. Work to end of row. Leave these sts. on spare needle.

POCKET

Cast on 30 sts. and work in pattern until 3 patterns have been completed. Work 1 row. At end of next row, work across 15 sts. on stitch-holder and continue on these 45 sts. until 10 patterns have been completed. This completes the pocket.

Now join on the 17 sts. left on spare needle and, keeping in continuity of pattern, work until 13ins. measured from commencement. Inc. once at front edge in next and every following 4th row until there

TAILORED CARDIGAN

Continued from page 30

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end.

5th Row: Rib till 1 rem., inc.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end.

11th Row: Inc., rib till 2 rem., dec.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end.

Rep. 8th row.

Next 2 Rows: Rib to end.

Rep. last 6 rows 3 times more.

35th Row: Rib till 2 rem., dec.

Next 5 Rows: Rib to end.

Rep. last 6 rows once more, then rep. 35th row. Now rep. from * to ** in right front. Now dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and each alternate row until 62 sts. rem.

Next Row: Rib 14, slip next 26 sts. on to a piece of wool, rib across pocket lining, then work rem. sts. of front in rib.

Next Row: Dec., rib to end. Work from *** to end in directions for right front.

BORDER

Slip border sts. on to needle, join on d and work in m.s. until strip is 2ins. longer than required length to go up front. Cast off.

SLEEVES

(Both alike)

With 1, begin at lower edge, casting on 61 sts.

1st Row: K 3 (p 2, k 5) to end.

2nd Row: P 5, (k 3, p 5) to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 2ins. Continue in rib, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 6th row after until there are 83 sts., then every 8th row until there are 97 sts. Now inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 10th row until 103 sts. are on needle, then work without shaping until sleeve measures 18ins., or length required. Now shape top. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until 55 sts. rem., then every 10th row until 47 sts. rem.

Next 2 Rows: Cast off 14, rib to end. Work in rib on rem. 19 sts. for 11ins. Cast off.

POCKET TOPS

Work along top of each pocket thus: Slip sts. from wool to needle, and with right side facing, join on d and k 1 row. Now work 11 rows m.s. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew the side edges of the extended rows at tops of sleeves to the cast-off sts. at either side. Sew in sleeves. Join borders at centre back, then sew up fronts and round back of neck. Sew down pocket linings and pocket tops. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.



Dry Underarms with ODO-RO-NO CREAM

Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. It does not irritate the skin. Not harmful to your loveliest dress. It is smooth as satin. And fragrant as a flower. Too, it is economical! It is used by professional dancers.



1/1 and 2/2

Please turn to page 34



"IT'S T-TOO LATE NOW . . . MY FEELINGS ARE GOOD AND HURT!"

"YOU NEEDN'T TRY that old pattycake routine. Mommy—my mind's made up. *Not one more nap will I take.*"

"I shut one eye and out you go for fun. I heard the car start up—shh, yes I did! You had a lovely drive—I had a nap!"

"...Stop wagging that woolly dog at me. I'm out of sorts."

"Now look—I'm getting red and prickly! This puffing's got me overheated. Hey—where you going?"

"...Ohh—Johnson's Baby Powder! Hm—well, maybe I might sit on your lap temporarily. Until I've had a sprinkle and . . . Aaaaah! That silky, soothys powder's nice. So cool and comforting."

"What—no more? But, Mommy, you can't stop here! . . . Oh—your feelings are hurt now. The things I said—"

"Well, I'll give you a big kiss. You give me some more of that lovely Johnson's. And we'll both be happy!"

"Nothing keeps a baby quite so joyful as regular rubs with Johnson's Baby Powder! It's inexpensive, too!"

1.P.2

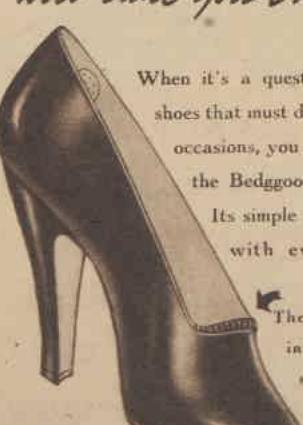
**JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER**

THE TANGO *will take you Everywhere*

When it's a question of choosing shoes that must do duty for many occasions, you can safely select the Bedggood Tango Court.

Its simple lines are correct with every costume.

The patent flexible instep prevents any suggestion of instep pinch.



3 COUPONS

Bedggood
FRIENDLY FOOTWEAR

They look like fine-textured woollens

They feel like fine-textured woollens

But they're Rayon and they're washable



Leisurewear in a fine plaid. Colours are aqua, scarlet, powder blue, cerise or olive green. And don't forget you can wash it as often as you like.

War-time England has solved the problem of making all clothing last longer. This time it is a rayon for Winter—a rayon that you can wash. Grafton Anti-Shrink has evolved it—and it's called Leisurewear. Leisurewear is as easy to wash as your stockings. Absolutely no special cleaning preparations are needed in the water... just luke-warm water and soap flakes. Leisurewear dries three times faster than ordinary woollens. Ironing is hardly necessary—certainly no more than the lightest touch of a slightly warm iron.

How to be sure it's Leisurewear

Leisurewear is now on sale throughout Australia. FROCKS must carry both sewn tab and label clearly showing these words—"Grafton Anti-Shrink". The three words "Grafton Anti-Shrink" are printed on to every yard on the selvedge.



dots make stripes in this Leisurewear model. Grey, olive, cherry red, green, mulberry, or navy.

LEISUREWEAR

THE RAYON FOR WINTER BY

Grafton

ANTI-SHRINK

Registered Trade Mark Nos. 77208, 78955.
Patented in Australia No. 109828.



Notice the gathered shoulders, and tie belt. In cherry red, turquoise blue, navy, olive green, grapevine, mulberry.



What's the best thing to do with the money you save by buying fewer tickets? Buy War Savings Certificates!



Skirt pockets! A pleated skirt! And tailored! This model is in cloud grey Leisurewear feels cozy like wool, but it's washable rayon!

- CANNOT SHRINK
- CANNOT STRETCH
- CANNOT FADE
- EASY TO WASH
- EASIER TO DRY
- EASIEST TO IRON

HERE'S A CLASSIC IN PULLOVERS



ABOVE: A garment of durability and one that will serve you easily and well right through this winter—and next! The wool will take but three of your treasured coupons. You can knit it in any desired color. *Maine* (2185) is a lovely shade; then there is a nice blue (2255) and a rich red (2138), which would suit both fair and dark types.

And now for a touch of glamor—the CASCADE HAT

• Designed to frame your face most becomingly and glorify your shining locks. It's worked in simple crochet.

THIS hat can be made to fit any sized head. The cascading brim can be made longer at back, if desired.

One coupon only is required for this hat, which takes but two ounces of 3-ply wool. If you wish to make the back a little longer, more wool, of course, will be needed.

If you cannot crochet yourself, get someone to make it for you.

Here are the directions:

Materials Required: 2oz. Patons Super Scotch Fingering 3-ply 1 No. 12 Stratmold crochet hook.

Measurements: Any desired size.

Stitches: Entire hat is worked in double crochet and loops of chain.

Instructions: Work 4 ch. and join in a circle.

1st Round: Work 2 d.c. into every ch. Put colored thread before next st. to mark end of round and carry this thread in and out to mark end of rounds to end of work.

2nd Round: Work 2 d.c. into every st. to last; 1 d.c. in last st. 16 sts.

3rd Round: Work in d.c., working twice into every 3rd st.

4th Round: Work twice into every 4th st. Work on in this way, increasing 5 sts. in every round, until hat measures 51/2ins. in diameter. Do not inc. any more, but work on until hat measures 51/2ins. from centre to outer edge.

MAKE BRIM

1st Round: * Work 6 ch., work 1 d.c. into next st. in round below and repeat from * to end.

2nd Round: * Work 6 ch., work 1 d.c. into loop formed by 6 ch. of preceding round, and repeat from * to end.

Work 7 more rounds like 2nd. Mark off the next 16 loops with pins. From front of hat, turn, and work to and fro between markers, omitting 2 loops at end of 2nd and every following row. When there are 20 rows in brim altogether, work 1 row all round, and fasten off.



PATRICIA DEMPSEY, a member of the staff, shows you how lovely this scrap of woolly charm can look. Her Titian hair is rolled back at top, but sides and back are left free. Note back view at left. This hat was made from black wool, but, of course, it would look glamorous in any other color, such as blue or a rich red. Royal-blue would look well; don't overlook white.

This BLONDE beauty can be yours!



Learn this amazing SECRET!

If your blonde hair is going dark and brownish— you are not using the right shampoo. But try Sta-blond and you will make this amazing discovery—that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely "blonde" colour to darkened blonde hair. Then comes a glimmering, glorious silkiness that spells extra appeal and fascinating beauty.

Sta-blond prevents hair from darkening and keeps it bright and shining always. For Sta-blond is made specially for standees— it contains colour ordinary shampoo has.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDE SHAMPOO

Makes the Shine & the Shoes Last Longer

'NUGGET' SHOE POLISH

Gives Full Leather Protection

Don't rub the brush into the polish, draw it lightly over the top and give your shoes that last brush with a soft cloth.

USE NUGGET SPARINGLY
BLACK
SHELL POLISH

CONSERVE ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES



OUR HOME GARDENER has been trying out okra. It's a vegetable—Americans like it. Note the skinny, curved specimens in basket above.



AS THE WEATHER BECOMES COOLER, popularity of pies shoots skyward—provided, of course, you have the right hand with pastry.

PRIZE RECIPES OF THE WEEK

- Here are more splendid recipes for you—they're winners in our weekly contest.

THE apple mint jelly is the best of this week's batch. It's delicious with lamb, and keeps as well as any other preserve.

Mrs. Rogers' crumpets are a little different, and a welcome change to the usual recipe submitted.

All others are worth adding to your collection.

APPLE MINT JELLY

Nine pounds green cooking apples, 3 quarts cold water, sugar as required, 3 dozen stalks fresh mint, coloring if desired.

Wash and slice apples (without coring or peeling) into saucepan. Add water, cook gently till pulp. Strain through jelly bag into basin below, and measure juice. To every pint allow 1lb. sugar. Stir over low heat till dissolved. Add mint, well-rinsed under cool water tap.

Bring to boil, stirring occasionally. Boil very gently till a little sets when tested on cold plate. Remove mint. If wanted a bright green color, stir in 2 or 3 drops of green coloring. Pot and seal.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Staford, Lindenow, Vic.

GOLDEN CROUTES

Four small plain buns, 1 egg, 1 teacup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, vanilla flavoring, little butter.

Splits buns and place them in a flat dish. Beat egg, milk, sugar, and flavoring, and strain over the top of buns.

Leave to soak until liquid is absorbed. Make some butter hot in a frying pan, place pieces of bun one at a time into it, and fry them a pretty brown color.

Drain when ready and sprinkle with sugar. Arrange them neatly on a hot dish with a paper doyley, and serve with jam or stewed fruit.

Consolation Prize of £2/6 to Mrs. A. P. Nielsen, 6 Laureate St., Port Pirie West, S.A.

YANKEE PUFFS

Two ounces butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, 3 teacups flour, 1 salt-spoon salt, 1 cup milk, vanilla essence.

Beat butter to cream, add sugar and yolk of eggs, well beaten, then milk with salt; dredge in flour by degrees, and mix well. Add flavoring to stiffly-beaten egg-whites, then add to mixture. Bake in well-buttered cups 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £2/6 to Miss Lee, 4 Bold St., Burwood, N.S.W.

BANANA AND RHUBARB MOULD

One pint packet orange jelly, 1 pint rhubarb juice, 3 bananas, hot water, cream, and a few chopped, blanched nuts.

Dissolve jelly in 1 pint hot water. When cool, make up to a pint with rhubarb syrup from stewed rhubarb. When jelly begins to

thicken, stir in mashed bananas. Turn into a wet mould.

Leave to set, then unmould and top with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste, and sprinkle over chopped nuts. Serve with some sliced banana round base of the mould. This is a delicious sweet.

Consolation Prize of £2/6 to Naomi Collins, Orwell, Lillimur, Vic.

CRUMPTS

One-quarter pound flour, 2oz. butter, 1 level tablespoon compressed yeast (1oz.), 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Sift flour and salt, and warm. Melt butter, add milk, yeast, and sugar. Add beaten egg, then milk and butter; stir mixture into flour, beat well. Cover and set to rise in a warm place until double size (about 1 hour). Drop in tablespoon heaps

on a greased hot griddle. Brown on both sides. One side should be quite brown.

Consolation Prize of £2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Point Rd., Huntley's Point, N.S.W.

AMERICAN QUICK BREAD

One cup dates (or any fruit such as currants, etc.), 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cut-up nuts (if liked), 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, salt.

Put dates or fruit into a saucepan with soda, water, sugar (nuts if used), butter, and spice, and simmer gently for a few minutes. Cool and add sifted flour and salt. Bake in well-greased loaf tin in moderate oven for 1½ hours. Delicious sliced and buttered for lunches or for afternoon tea.

Consolation Prize of £2/6 to Mrs. S. Thomas, Llewellyn, Redon St., Redon N.S., Brisbane.

Camel Jumper

Continued from page 26

FRONT NECKBAND

With No. 5 needles knit remaining 6 sts. of shoulder. Cast on 17 sts. for front of neck. Knit 5 sts. from shoulder piece of other sleeve.

Work 2in. ribbing (k 1, p 1). Cast off loosely in ribbing.

BACK NECKBAND

Work to correspond to front neckband.

THE CAMEL INSERTION

With No. 12 needles and (B) wool cast on 97 sts. loosely.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Join (C) and repeat 1st and 2nd rows once.

Break (C). With (B) repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. Change to

No. 11 needles and work in Fair Isle knitting as shown in chart on page 26. When Camels are completed change to No. 12 needles and repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times Join (C) and repeat 1st and 2nd rows once. Break (C). With (B) repeat 1st and 2nd rows once, then 1st row once.

Cast off purrly loosely. Make another insertion to correspond.

TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

Press all pieces carefully. Place an insertion along the edge of the top of the front and hem into position, making sure that seam will stretch when finished. Hem the top edge of the insertion along the shoulder and neck edges. Sew the insertion on the back in same manner. Sew side and sleeve seams. Sew sides of neckband.



She depends on you so completely

already that milk is one of the best "protective" foods. Calcium . . . the bone-builder . . . is contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. Extra energy is produced by the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks . . . these energy-bringers pass quickly into the bloodstream without putting any strain on young digestive organs. "Upsets" never follow Horlicks, even in the case of delicate children. And children love its malty sweetness.

You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/- (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



HORLICKS



Jacket for the Matron

Continued from page 31

SLEEVE

Cast on 65 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Work 2 complete patterns.

Next Row: K. This is for turn of cuff.

Now continue as from 1st row of pattern until work measures 3ins with cuff turned back. Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 49 sts remain, then in every 3rd row until 29 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

COLLAR

Cast on 65 sts. Work for 7 patterns. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew collar in position, as illustrated, wrong side out. Work 1 row of d.c. all round outside of coat, across pocket tops and top edge of turned-up cuffs. Turn back lapels and insert shoulder-pads if desired.

Sorry!
SERVICE FOR THE SERVICES, FIRST!

"There's something about a soldier"—

The song's well known to you—

And the same thing's about a sailor

And many an airman, too.

It's around his chest—for only the best

Will suit the services—hence the NILE !—

And that's why you, and other folks, too,

Must wait with a smile for your NILE for a while.

NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE COLORFAST HANDKERCHIEFS
Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 134 Broadway, Sydney

Amongst the nutritious luxuries which you may have to forgo during wartime are:

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S FISH & MEAT PASTES

but anticipation will whet the appetite of all Australians again when supplies are available.

Agent: S. Parker Wood
P.O. Box 154, J.J. G.P.O., Sydney

Everyday recipes

... with a difference!

• Every good housewife and cook will welcome this miscellaneous collection—embracing savory dishes, cakes, biscuits, and a nourishing budget—ice-cream recipe.

BY OUR COOKERY EXPERT

DESPITE the fact that two pages of cookery are given every week—year in and year out—many of our readers write and ask me for certain recipes.

It might be a request for a special chocolate cake for someone coming home on leave, or an economical ice-cream for the children's party... savories for a celebration or perhaps a selection of biscuit recipes for that ever-present lunch-box problem.

So that all may benefit I am giving you some of the request recipes sent out in last week's mail. They are a fine lot!

HONEY OAT FINGERS

(Keep them crisp and fresh in an airtight tin)

Quarter-pound butter, 4lb. sugar, 1oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup coconut, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon honey

Sift together the flour, soda, and salt. Add the rolled oats and sugar and mix well.

Warm the honey, add the butter and stir until the butter has melted. Pour into the dry ingredients. When thoroughly blended, press into a greased swiss roll tin, and bake in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

Mark into fingers, and leave in the tin to cool.

PINEAPPLE GINGER WEDGES

(It's grandmother's recipe in a modern guise)

One cup shredded, drained pineapple, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 cup golden syrup

Sift together the flour, ginger, and soda. Rub in the butter and add the sugar. Slightly warm the golden syrup and add the milk. Pour this on to the well-beaten egg. Mix the flour, etc., to a soft dough with the liquid.

Cream together the butter and brown sugar. Spread on the bottom of a well-greased slab tin and cover with pineapple. Pour the ginger cake over and bake in a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) from 25 to 35 minutes.

Turn upside down on a hot serving plate, and serve with cream or custard.

SAVORY SAUSAGE BALL SURPRISES

(A change from the eternal cocktail sausages)

Half-pound sausage meat, 1 tablespoon pearl onions, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon Worcester-shire sauce.

Flavor the meat with sauce and parsley.

Take 1 teaspoon of sausage meat, and mould it around a pearl onion shape in seasoned flour. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and deep-fry a golden brown. Serve piping hot.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

(Always a favorite with the menfolk)

Two cups sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2/3rd cup butter, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 3 eggs, 3oz. chocolate, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt three times. Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat until light and fluffy.

Separate the white from the yolks of eggs, beat each separately and then together. Add to the butter

cream the butter and add the icing sugar, flavor with sherry and add dissolved gelatin.



and sugar and mix in the dissolved chocolate. Stir in the flour alternately with the milk and vanilla. Turn into a greased 8in. cake tin and bake in the centre of a moderately hot oven. (Temp. 350deg. F.) from 1 to 1 1/2 hours.

When cold, cover the top with fluffed chocolate frosting.

FLUFFED CHOCOLATE FROSTING

One tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon sherry.

Cream the butter and add the icing sugar, flavor with sherry and add dissolved gelatin.

CONEY ISLAND DOUGHNUTS
(Good eating—try them some time)

Three and half cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, pinch salt.

Beat the eggs until light and fluffy. Add the sugar, and continue beating until thick, add the melted butter and then the sifted flour and spices alternately with the milk. Turn on to a floured board and roll to 1-inch thickness.

Stamp out with a doughnut cutter and deep-fry in hot fat a golden brown. Turn as they rise to the surface. Drain on white paper, dredge with castor or icing sugar before serving.

MELTING MOMENTS
(Change the flavor and the filling, and call them what you will)

Four ounces butter, 2oz. icing sugar, 1oz. cornflour, 4oz. plain flour, vanilla essence, pinch salt.

Filling: Lemon juice, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk.

Cream together the butter and icing sugar, and add the vanilla essence. Using the back of a wooden spoon, work in the sifted icing sugar, cornflour, and salt.

Roll into small balls between the palms of the hands, place on a greased slide and flatten each with the back of a fork.

Cook in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes or until a pale fawn color. When cold join together with the filling.

For Filling: Mix lemon juice, icing sugar and condensed milk well together.

WELL, Socks need Lux-ing just as often as your stockings to make 'em last.

WHY, NO, I THOUGHT...

SADIE, DO YOU LUX THOSE SOCKS AFTER EVERY WEARING?

TO-SAVE DARN AND SEWING, ALL GARMENTS WORN NEXT THE SKIN NEED LUX-ING AFTER EVERY WEARING. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT ACID PERSPIRATION FROM WEAKENING THREADS.

SADIE TOOK THE TIP AND...

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SADIE, DO YOU LUX THOSE SOCKS AFTER EVERY WEARING?

TO-SAVE DARN AND SEWING, ALL GARMENTS WORN NEXT THE SKIN NEED LUX-ING AFTER EVERY WEARING. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT ACID PERSPIRATION FROM WEAKENING THREADS.

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Why I switched to Meds



— by a hospital nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used internal sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that the makers of Modess had brought out Meds — a new and improved tampon at only 1/8 a box of ten — I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.

ONLY 1/8

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MODESS

Meds
INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

BOB said, "Margot has been telling me about Mrs. Sondergaard and her son Roy. You know, hon', it was Mrs. Sondergaard who sponsored Margot's debut."

"No, I didn't know."

Margot's gaze lazily crossed mine, and I looked away, back to Bob. He said, "Margot feels naturally that she is indebted to her, and so wants to influence you in her favor regarding that open lease. Tom, being here, brought the subject to mind."

"Thomas Woodrum? Is he the third who simply must have that lease?"

Bob's smile deepened and he winked at me. "That's right. He and Lane have played polo together and Lane wants him to have the place."

Margot interrupted, "I am sure I could change Lane's mind."

"Probably. Then that just leaves Mrs. Sondergaard and Mrs. Kinney to consider. What do you think, hon'?"

Margot lazily watched me beneath ridiculously long lashes.

She said, "I know you'll be fair about it," and stressed the "fair."

I looked squarely at her and replied, "Don't bank too much on my fairness, Margot. I might give the lease to the Chinese family living at the west corral."

Margot's smile faded for a moment, and then she laughed. "Yes, I believe you would."

We had our lava, and a grand one it was, but the following day was The Day. The ranch-house began to stir at dawn. The men were out of the house early, working out on the practice field, and I could hear the click of their mallets a quarter of a mile away. But I was more interested in the parade that was getting underway.

The whole island had been notified of the game to be played, and seemingly everyone was determined to be there — Hawaiians, little Japanese mama-sans, sombre Portuguese, whooping paniolos.

The situation between Japan and the United States had been growing more tense by the minute, and this game would be an excellent opportunity to forget that tension and relax.

It really made quite a mob streaming down through the pastures. Polo day was like a national holiday.

The men were first to leave for the field, to take it easy on their mounts, and then we women followed in the truck, two station wagons, and an old sedan with the top broken out. Margot rode with me in the single seat of the truck.

Half-way to the village she pointed to a large inter-island boat lying off the island, and informed me, "People from Honolulu. They've come to see the game and also to bring Tom's ponies."

"Oh," I said, "I thought he was using Lane's."

She sweetly smiled at me. "No, my dear. His ponies go wherever he goes. You probably don't realize it, but this game has been hatching for years."

Bob was there to meet us when we arrived at the long, grass oblong, and he led the way to our private box. The villagers flocked about, highballs were poured from vacuum flasks, and visitors from Honolulu had come over to join the festivities.

The bell sounded, the players mounted their ponies and rode on to the field. The whistle blew in the silence that followed. The ball was thrown in, and the game was on.

Thomas Woodrum and three of the young men he had brought on the yacht made up his team, the Mainlanders. Bob and Lane, with a young paniolo called Pili and

Wild Island

Continued from page 5

one of their friends, Jimmy Scott by name, made up the Onele team. I couldn't understand Pili being in the game, but Margot leaned over and said, "He's one of the most brilliant players in the islands. Didn't you know that?"

I just said, "No," and smiled at her, then turned my attention back to the field.

Pili had the ball clear, and was racing for the end of the field as Bob took out one of the Mainlanders coming out at an angle. But Woodrum hooked Pili's stick and rode off with the ball. Lane raced for it, missed, and jerked his pony back in what looked like a half-loop. Another Mainlander took the ball and thundered off for the Onele goal. He dodged Jimmy Scott, back, got away, and tore along the sideboards and scored.

All the automobiles about the field blew their horns and the band let out a tremendous blast.

The umpire threw in a fresh ball as the teams reached the centre field. Lane got it, dribbled out of the scrummage, and whacked it hard with a beautiful full-arm stroke. But Woodrum took it in full stride, there was a confused jumble for a moment, and then another score for the Mainlanders: 2-0.

Sticks cracked against hocks; there was a wild scramble in centre field, and a Mainlander came out of it with the ball.

Bob rode him off. Scott got it, passed it to Lane, and from there to Bob, who was back in position. He lost it for a moment to Woodrum, but Lane rode him off, and Bob got it again, and, with Pili at his side, angled into centre field, and drove from there to the goal. The ball sailed between the posts to score 2-1.

Lane yelled, "Great stuff!" just as the bell sounded time.

The second chukker was a thunderous burst of wild riding, but there was no score. Lane went down once, vaulted back into his saddle, and carried Woodrum over the sideboards with him as the chukker ended.

While Lane and Bob were changing mounts, Margot leaned towards me and said, "It's going to be rough now. Those are their best ponies they're bringing out. Watch Bob. He's at his best in this sort of game."

Lane and Jimmy drove into the Mainlanders with stirrups clashing, mallets hooking, the ponies nostrils flaring wide open and their hoofs

beating a tattoo on the turf. Woodrum was just as reckless, and the play ranged all over the field. But Bob hung back, waited only for sure openings, and then he was on the ball and riding for all he was worth.

Jimmy scored twice in that chukker, but only because Bob kept his head and had the ball more than any other man on the field. His playing was a joy to see.

Lane scored in the fourth, and the first half was over. There was no scoring in the fifth and sixth, but the play was the wildest I have ever seen. Horses went to their knees, men were unseated, mallets snapped one after the other, and every man and horse on the field was soaking wet with sweat and lather.

The Mainlanders scored twice in the first part of the seventh, and then it was really anybody's game.

It was then that I began to notice Lane's condition. His dissipations of the past few days were telling on him and he was tiring fast. It must have been torture for him to keep on, but keep on he did, and there was only a shade of difference in his brilliant play.

Margot, however, seemed distressed, and whispered, "Someone should stop it. He'll kill himself. If Lane goes down again, his mount will roll on him. He hasn't enough energy left to throw himself away."

I felt a slow panic rising within me. When Bob rode by at the end of the seventh chukker I called him to the sideboards and said, for his ears alone, "Watch Lane, please. I don't think he can last."

Bob glanced towards his brother and said, "I've been keeping my eye on him."

"But can't you, sort of, take the game away from him?"

Bob grinned. "You know how he plays, Karen. But I'll try. Don't worry."

The last chukker started with even the ponies fighting. The air was blue with swearing, and then the ball was in play and Lane was leaning far over his mount after it. But Bob cut in ahead of him and caught the ball on a backstroke with a clear whack that could be heard all over the field. Woodrum, however, got it, and his men easily scored.

As they rode back to centre I noticed Lane shoot an odd look at his brother. Bob's shot had been blind and had gone to the wrong man. Lane, if left alone, could have handled it better.

Please turn to page 39

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MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR
AND KNITWEAR

You can't blow that cold away

- Frequent blowing of your nose can be very harmful.

By MEDICO

"DOCTOR, I often think that the worst part of a cold is having to be constantly blowing my nose," said Mrs. Temple.

"Well, to tell you the truth it is," I replied. "If you only knew what damage you can do to your nose and ears I don't think you would blow it quite so much or so hard. It is only mankind that has learnt this 'art.' The natural channel for secretions is backwards, not forwards."

When the nose is blown pressure is created, and if it is blown too hard secretions are forced back into the tube leading from the throat to the ear, and thus into the middle ear. This is only laying the foundations for an ear abscess or a running ear. Blowing the nose can also result in the development of sinusitis.

In the majority of cases these troubles in children can be traced to infected adenoids, but some are caused by incorrect nose blowing.

Baby is not able to abuse his nose as older sister or mother does. But he spends most of his time in early infancy on his back, and as his eustachian tube is shorter, wider and more horizontal it is easy for anything to pass along the tube into the middle ear.

It is best not to feed him while he is in a horizontal position.

Troubles for the nose and ears appear to be increasing and are prob-



ALLOW BABY A PILLOW when suffering from a cold, also raise cot or bassinet a few inches from ground at head, advises Medico.

ably helped by deficiencies in the foundation foods and in our mode of life. We are actually living with germs, as there are always a certain number in our nose or throat.

If our resistance is lowered these germs have a better opportunity for invasion. Therefore, your daily food should be built on the foundation foods — milk, meat, cheeses, eggs, and wholemeal bread.

You know it is not natural for man to breathe through his mouth. That is another "art" he has learned.

Forced mouth-breathing has many ill effects, the most important being narrow, pinched nose and crowded teeth. Chest deformities are also caused following the instinctive effort to breathe through the nose.

Normal nasal breathing depends on a normal nose, and a normal nose is impossible unless it is used for breathing.

Another cause of faulty nasal breathing is swollen turbinates. These are the flesh folds in the nose that warm the cold air as it passes through. Like many other troubles, we look for it. In winter we make ourselves cosy beside the fire, then we go out into the cold air, and sleep on an open verandah. The sudden change is too much for the poor turbinates. They are overworked and become swollen.

However, once you have a cold, or any nasal infection, the main aim seems to be how to get rid of it.

Many of the drugs that are sprayed or inhaled into the nose are a subtle menace. They give temporary relief only.

Steam inhalations on the other hand stimulate secretions and so reduce the swelling and help nature to clear up the condition.

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Dandruff is irritating and unsightly and quite unnecessary. Listerine stops the burning and itching, refreshes the scalp and gets rid of dandruff overnight.



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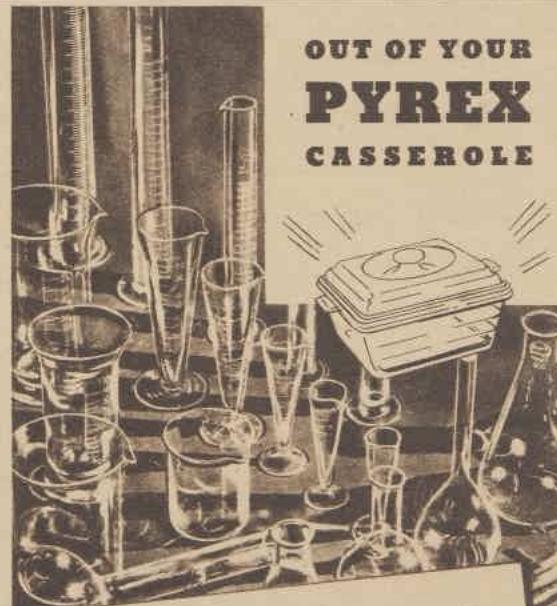
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Every piece of Pyrex you purchased in the past increased the demands on the plant which produced this popular ovenware. The merits of Pyrex put it into most of the kitchens of wise Australian housewives. To meet this demand, the manufacturers maintained an extensive plant which was ready at the outbreak of war to produce, in addition to reduced quantities of Agee Pyrex, innumerable items of glass equipment for use by the fighting services . . . including modern dispensing equipment such as is illustrated here.

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HEADED FOR BEAUTY



THE GIRL in the picture above, Jane Wyatt, RKO star, favors the short cut. "Easy to tend, easy to do" is her verdict. Next to her is Louise Allbritton, bearing a smoothly-tailored coiffure which cuts her beautifully.



Now that we are entering autumn the wise woman will concentrate on her hair, keeping it bright and shining.

If your hair is looking a little dispirited after summer sun and wind give it special care in order to buck it up.

First brush your hair thoroughly. Next treat yourself to a two-minute massage—your scalp will appreciate it.

Then you are ready for the shampoo itself. There are lots of excellent prepared shampoos on the market. But if you prefer to make your own shampoo, get a good oil soap and shave it into water.

Melt it on the stove until it becomes a jelly.

Wet your hair with the warm water and rub your shampoo well into your hair and scalp with your fingertips.

Give it a thorough rinse and then apply more shampoo.

Your hair is worth it

THE first washing will take away the dust and dirt and the second cleanses the hair and scalp.

Dip a brush into your shampoo and scrub all round your hairline. This will remove any remaining dirt.

Rinse very thoroughly in order to get all the soap out.

If you are a blonde whose hair is darkening, keep it very clean and avoid tonics or hairdressings that will make it look darker.

The juice of two lemons in your fourth rinsing water will help to lighten it.

A camomile rinse will also lighten your hair and bring out its natural lights without harming or dyeing it.

Here is the formula for the camomile rinse: Put one handful of camomile flowers into a pint of boiling water.

Let it boil a minute and strain it through cheesecloth. Then add enough water to make a quart. Sponge or pour the rinse over the hair several times and don't rinse it off.

The yolk of an egg rubbed well into the scalp after the soap shampoo and before the final rinse is said to be good for the hair.

If you are fortunate enough to have some olive oil by you use it this way:

Two hours or so before you shampoo your head, brush your hair thoroughly.

Now warm well some olive oil in a saucer and apply to the scalp with clean pieces of cotton-wool. To do this properly part the hair as you go along and rub the oil into the scalp.

Now wring a towel out of hot water and roll it around the head. When it cools repeat the steaming treatment, then wrap a hot dry towel around your head and leave until your shampoo essentials are gathered together.

When all is ready, brush the hair again, using a stiff-bristled brush.

By

MARY ROSE

Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Apply the liquid shampoo to the hair before wetting your locks with water and rub it into the scalp vigorously.

Rinse the hair with warm water and give another application of the shampoo. Rub in well, then rinse your head in several waters. Add the juice of a lemon to the final rinse.

Now dry the hair as well as you possibly can with a Turkish towel, afterwards, taking a clean brush, go and sit in the sun and brush your hair till it dries. Then you can set it or have it set according to your prowess or purse-strings.

No matter the treatment, however, you must do this: Brush your hair every night of your life—and brush it well.

ABOVE you see a lovely picture of Geraldine Fitzgerald, Warner Bros. player. The shining gold of her hair is due to daily care and attention. It is healthy hair—no sign of dandruff or excessive oiliness.

For greying hair

This sage recipe for greying hair has been passed on to me:

Put 2oz. sage leaves (dried) and black tea leaves into an iron saucepan with 3 quarts boiling water. Cover loosely, allow to simmer until reduced to 1 quart. Remove from fire and let remain in same saucepan for 24 hours, then strain off leaves and bottle lotion.

Divide hair into small strands and apply the "tea" with a toothbrush. Moisten the hair thoroughly and allow to dry. It must not be set with pins or curlers whilst drying.

The lotion may be used each day until the hair has resumed its natural color.—Mary Rose.

No-trouble plants for winter growth

By OUR HOME GARDENER

THAT useful and edible plant, nasturtium, which includes both climbing and dwarf types, came to us from South America.

For probably two centuries or more its showy, red, orange, and yellow flowers, with their spurred and funnel-shaped sepals have been grown in European gardens.

The plants bloom prolifically if given a rather poor soil. When grown in rich soil they produce much foliage and few flowers. Its chief enemies are spotted wilt and the leaf miner. Leaf miners make serpentine tunnels in the leaves. The cheapest and quickest control is to remove infested leaves and destroy them. Spotted wilt is incurable and plants affected should be removed and burned.

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SUNSHINE for rooms on winter days — gay nasturtiums nesting among their tender green leaves in low bowls or troughs.

If given a warm, sunny position during winter, the nasturtium will bloom right through until spring. Both the seeds and the leaves are edible, and add considerable "tang" to a green salad.

Another "no-trouble" plant that will bloom almost throughout the year in the milder parts of the Commonwealth is the gay, gaudy gaillardia. Again, this plant is not fussy as to soil, but it has distinct preferences for position, and needs an open, sunny spot, or it will not bloom at all.

The best varieties of gaillardia to grow are the perennials known as "The Dazzler," Portola Hybrids, and Grandiflora tangerine.

Calendulas are a hardy type of marigold that will withstand quite a severe touch of the frigid hand of Master Jack Frost without quitting. The best varieties are Campfire, Campfire Improved, and The Ball, the latter being long-stemmed, double, and the flowers almost ball-shaped.

Guinea Gold or Molten Gold marigolds will also over-winter, even in very cold spots, if given some protection from weatherly frosts. In districts subject to very cold weather, the gardener is advised to wait until spring before sowing.

Some of the best of the so-called African marigolds, all of which, incidentally, come from Mexico, in North America, are the Sunset Hybrids, Guine Gold, and Sunbeams. A new variety introduced a year or so ago under the name of Crown o' Gold is unusually attractive.

Of the so-called French marigolds, the giant tree types are the hardest, and will often set the winter out in the coldest parts of the Commonwealth if given some protection around the roots during night-time.

The perennial scabious is another no-trouble plant if sown early, and well established before the cold weather sets in. If fed regularly with liquid manure, and given some manorial mulch in winter, this generous plant will flower well



A MIXED BOWL featuring golden rod, marigolds, scabious, and gaillardias.

during winter, although its usual flowering season is summer and autumn.

Golden rod (*Solidago*) is a common weed in America, where it was years ago adopted as the National Flower. The declaration, however, was not generally adopted, and practically every State, as in Australia, has its own official flower.

The flower is bright golden yellow—a color that mixes well with blues and purples. As golden rod usually flowers in autumn when Michaelmas daisies are at their best, these two no-trouble plants should be grown together. N.B.: Golden rod thrives in poor soil.

Wild Island

Continued from page 36

Pili scored after that and then the game was even and drawing to a close. Jimmy got off with the ball, but was ridden off it, and Bob came up fast and angled it towards Pili at centre. The paniolo though lost his mallet-head on a stumble and tore off for a fresh mallet. Bob and Lane rode for the ball; then Lane angled off to the Mainlanders' goal, leaving it to Bob.

He got possession of it and looked about for his support. Pili was coming back with a new mallet. Jimmy was out of position, but Lane, though covered by Woodrum, was in beautiful position. He should have got it. Bob, though, carried it away from the sideboards and then shot it to Jimmy, who was not expecting it. He saw it coming and spun about after it, but missed.

A Mainlander got it, shot it to another, and scored. The game ended with the Mainlanders winners by exactly one point. It had been a real game and everyone was well aware of that fact. And they were just as aware that Bob had lost it through a foolish play.

Margot and I, also our guests, ran down to the tents as the men came off the field. They were grinning—all except Lane.

He scratched his head and squinted at Bob while trying to light a cigarette, and finally said: "Don't get me wrong, Bob. I'm not condemning you for it. You were probably tired."

Margot innocently raised her eyebrows and said: "Bob? He was not tired. He was just protecting you."

Lane snorted. "Don't be an ass. Since when have I needed protection?"

Margot smoothly replied, "Since Karen came on the ranch," and continued, with a light smile: "She asked Bob to take the play from you. Now, you don't blame her for that, do you? After all, you looked as if you would fall any minute."

A deep flush stole into Lane's cheeks. But Bob chuckled and said: "That's right, Lane. Karen was upset about the way you looked, and truthfully, so was I. She asked me—"

"Of course," Margot interrupted. "I should have been the one to be upset. I'm a little ashamed to think that Karen was more concerned about you than I was."

Lane's face had turned a dull red, and I knew all the color had drained from my own. All I could do was stare at Bob, when I should have looked elsewhere. His smile was slowly fading and he was looking intently at Lane. Then he turned to me, and there was an opaqueness about the surface of his eyes that revealed nothing.

He said abruptly, "We'd better be getting back to the ranch. Coming, Margot?"

It was evening when we returned to the ranch, and everyone retired for a short while to bathe and change clothes. I had to rush through my repair job and then outside to supervise the help. I looked about for Bob, but he was nowhere to be seen. In fact, he did not join

the party until the luau was well under way.

He walked toward the barbecue pits with Sam Hanau, and I watched him and had a sudden nauseous attack in the pit of my stomach.

Margot was also watching Bob, with a faint smile about her full lips. It was unreasonable, I know, but I began to feel a vitriolic dislike for her, so intense that I ached to do something, anything, to ease it.

When the native singing started—really beautiful hulas never heard on the mainland—we all grouped about in a half-circle, with Tom Woodrum at my right hand sprawled on the grass. Margot was talking with him about the polo game, and he sighed and said he would give his right arm to live on Onele Island.

"What a time!" he said. "Lane and Bob and Jimmy and I could form an absolutely unbeatable combination." He turned on his side to look at me, and asked, "How about that, Mrs. O'Neill? Given me any thought at all?"

But before I could reply Margot said, "It's no use, Tom. Mrs. Sondergaard has virtually had the lease promised to her."

Margot's voice had carried, and Bob and Lane had heard and were looking in my direction. I thought, "Who wants to be fair? I'm tired of being a target."

I said, "Sorry, but I haven't virtually promised the lease to anyone." To Tom I said, "I'll take that right arm of yours. Perhaps I'm selfish." I smiled "but I do like polo."

"Well, say—" He jumped up and kissed me on both cheeks, shouting "Banzai!"

Margot tried to say something, but I stopped her and turned to Bob. "John O'Neill," I said, "made the correct decision a long time ago. Heian Village was meant for polo players, people interested in thoroughbreds—your kind of people."

"Karen," he said, "it isn't essential that you give a reason for your decision. If you want Tom to have the lease, why, then he has it."

Tom's smile faded and he said, "Now, look here. If I'm in the way—"

Bob put his hand on his shoulder. "Nonsense. Karen is right, Tom. My father would have let you have that lease without a second thought. It's about time we got back to the original idea for the village. How about that team you were talking about?"

"That's the stuff, Bob. Hey, Lane, okay with you?"

Lane nodded. "Sure. How about you, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Scott looked up at them and happily grinned. "Count me in. I don't know a better bunch I'd rather play with."

They drank together, toasting the success of their team and living over again the game of that day. But Margot, of course, had to give it the proper touch.

"Well," she said, "you've swung the cycle back to John O'Neill. Bob must like that."

I hated myself for having been so petty as to put Bob in such a position, but suddenly a warm feeling began to steal through me and I felt like shouting, "What a blind fool I've been." Accidentally, I had done the right thing. And now I knew what I had to do.

We retired rather late that night, and I went to bed and waited for Bob in the darkness. Time dragged by, and then I tiptoed down the hallway and looked in his room. He was in bed. It was his room, yes, but he had never used it before. I returned to my own room and sat by the window all night, the longest night of my life.

Early in the morning I rode Achmed to John O'Neill's house and was let in by Toyo. On the way to John's room Toyo hissed: "Master had to-day. Throw things at Toyo."

I stepped into John's room and he peered up at me from beneath lowering brows, and his face was almost black with rage. "A polo game on my own island, and I'm not even invited. Karen, at least you could have thought of me," he shouted.

I said he would see them all from then on, and he said, "Sit down, gal. You bother me. Now, what's on your mind? I can see you haven't been to bed."

"No," I replied. "I haven't. John, I need your help. I've made a mess of things, and it's all just sliding

along, but now something has to be done. I love all of you very much, and I've come to love this island. It seems like my home."

"Well, isn't it your home?"

"Not for long. I'm leaving—soon. It's the only sensible thing I can do. But before I go I'm going to exercise my prerogatives as Mrs. Robert O'Neill and put you and your sons and your island back on a sound basis."

"You got a lot of nerve," he said. "What comes first?"

"First, you're going to move up to the ranch with us."

The twinkle died in his eyes and he sadly shook his head. "No, Karen. Bob and I don't get along. He thinks one way and I think another."

"Exactly. He's all for the business-island and you're all for the playground-island. Well, there will be no more of that, and I'm staying until it's settled. This is strictly going to be an O'Neill island or else." I waited a moment, then added, "With Margot as its mistress."

He blinked, and an odd light crept into his eyes. "Is that the way you want it, Karen?"

"That's the only way it can be. She and Lane, given time—you know, the world is full of very happy and very successful marriages in which love plays no part. If I can feel that I have left something good behind me to make up to Bob for the loss of my going, I won't mind it so much."

"I see." He was shrewdly watching me, and I had a feeling that he saw much more than I did. "I'll be there," he said at length. "Only I won't promise to go all the way with you. I might even disrupt your little plan entirely. Now, do you still want me?"

"Yes."

We shook hands on it, but he was chuckling to himself when I left, and I had a sudden fear that John O'Neill would take the initiative out of my hands. He was capable of it, and there was definitely something brewing in the back of his mind.

To be continued



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